ILLUSTRATED TIMES

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CHRISTMAS.

ALTHOUGH the office of a journalist is by no means of so regend or dignified a character as that of a pastor, it does not follow hat he is to be without those higher considerations which properly long to the season of Christmas. It is good for all of us to withw occasionally from the bustle and strife of politics and literature, nd to view ourselves in our religious and domestic relations, apart ambition and animosity. Christmas is pre-eminently a fit time this -when the whole Christian world commemorates the greatest ent in the history of mankind, and commemorates it not with somnity only, but with the joy and the gaiety which are as essential arts of man's nature as the more serious elements of worship and There are other periods in the Christian year when these last ies find their due expression; but Christmas is devoted to the ous side of our religious nature. It is a time when what is most nan in our humanity is appealed to and awakened. In all periods mething festal has mingled with the worship of mankind :- the in the ancient world between the drama and the national

religion, or the public games and the same, testifies that it is rooted in our nature, and under our own higher development the same nnection has manifested itself. We derive the custom of making Christmas a time of cheerful recreation from the most distant periods of the Middle Ages. The clergy then made it their office to take the whole of man's nature into their regulation, and to enlist all his tastes and powers in the service of his religion. It has been no little loss to Europe that the too severe shape which the Reformation assumed, in some of its developments, has diminished the public stock of harmless gaiety. In Scotland, it went so far as to destroy the Christmas Festival altogether; but the Church of England has been ever more wide and comprehensive, and has retained more of the mediæval humanity; and hence England still celebrates the birth of Christ, not only as a fact which it worships, but as a fact at which it is glad; and expresses the last sentiment by making the season one of mingled gratitude and gaiety. May it long retain that most ancient, most generous, and most beneficial character!

For we must ever bear in mind, that the real felicity of a country

depends-much, indeed, on its political, but much more on its private and social institutions. Monarchies and aristocracies, demoeratic checks on power, &c., we possess in common with all countries, old and new. The old heathen peoples had all these in common with But it is to our Christianity, existing as an inner life among modern peoples-not lost in Russia, though a despotism; permeating America, the Republic; present in the subjects of a hierarchy, and among the simple pastors of Geneva-that we owe ten million times what we owe to our forms of government. It makes charity a duty -it consecrates and directs our natural affections-it binds men together by subtler and stronger bonds than citizenship can create. Take away from England its moral influence, and you leave-not a human society, but a kind of ant's nest. Some modern philosophers have argued as if selfishness and mere prudential activity could keep society together without it; but the prosperity which they respected had been evoked out of a chaos of barbarism under the protection of the influences which they ignored. Whenever their doc rines have been really acted on, we have seen societies in a state of suppressed



GRANDPAPA AND GRANDMAMMA WELCOMED BY THE YOUNGER BRANCHES,-(DESIGNED BY PHIZ.)

war, occasionally breaking into open rupture. Where would England have been but for the charities—the social kindnesses—the thousand sweeteners of its life—which it owes to considerations quite independent of its industry, or even of its laws? These are the considerations which have covered the land with hospitals and similar establishments, and which, in our own days, prompted a body of Christian ladies to encounter horrors and dangers in a distant land

establishments, and which, in our own days, prompted a body of Christian ladies to encounter horrors and dangers in a distant land for the alleviation of our soldiers' miseries.

At Christmas these thoughts come back to us,—not in the severe language only of the pulpit, but in the garb of social and domestic beauty, and accompanied with the revolvy and liveliness of crowded homes. We always admit them to be true, but now they claim our kindness also, as in pleasant company; and entiven our religion, as the symbols of the season do our churches. Now or never is the opportunity of urging them—when to be merry is also to be wise. And if ever a man remembers his duties at all, it will be when his duty and his pleasure are woven together—when Religion adorns his brows with a festal crown. It is also the advantage of Christians that it does not recur so often as to blunt its force by the frequency of its repetition. A year is a great portion of our short lives here, and each year has events for us sufficiently numerous and important to make its close an epoch, with an importance of its own. Another Christmas Day is one more chance of wisely celebrating the Event which it commemorates—of hallowing it—by reflection, by special kindness to those about us and connected with us, by cherishing our friends and forgiving our enemies.

More especially do such thoughts come with striking force to us in a time when Europe is engaged in a war. It is probable that this particular Christmas will awaken, with greater force than ever, a wish on the part of Christian Europe for the termination of those hostilities in which it is engaged. We recognise war, and the Christian Church recognises war, as an agency by which Providence works out its designs. Christianity itself owes much to war: the Church blesses its banners and honours the obsequies of its victims. But it does not urge the prosecution of war beyond, or independent of, certain necessities which demand it and compel us to engage in it. Men, therefore, who, from motives of am

Men, therefore, who, from motives of ambition or passion—from a reckless love of excitement, or a mad zeal for destruction—stimulate warlike feelings in themselves and others, act a part peculiarly wicked at this time. We shall all best honour the season by considering how each, in his humble private capacity, can best aid the statesmen of Europe in putting an end to it—not in any mean fear of its cost, which would only bring it on again in a few years—but by quietly, soberly, and reasonably considering what peace fairest to both parties is possible; for, all wars are attempts to make the previous peace more just and reasonable. They shake up Europe that Europe may settle down again in an honester quiet than before; and we may be quite sure that (whether we can see the process or not) this very war with Russia will be a means towards making the relations of future generations of the English and Russians fairer and better towards each other. But we shall best contribute to the result by making the most of an unavoidable calamity—by using what success we have bad scherly—by resisting the fascination which tales of bettle and triumph have for all of us—and calmly considering how sond sense and enarity can ultimately triumph in the matter. So shall we spend a wise Christmas, as well as a merry one.

We wish our readers both; and having given them the sermon in this—as we may call it—the forenoon part of our paper, refer them of the remaining columns for the literary and artistic jovialty which by; have a right to expect. Fun is a very good thing in its way, the bore's head may be found in our contomporaries! Eut-epigrams for snap-dragon, fiction to exhibitante, pictures to kindle the fancy and heart like wine, and a cheerful laughter like that of pretty girls, will not be found wanting (unless our conceit marvellously deceives us) in this the First Christmas Number of the "Illustrated Times."

CHRISTMAS AMONG THE LOWER ORDERS.

(See Illustration, page 469.)

CHRISTMAS is a great equaliser. The genial, hearty, friendly feelings that rise, or ought to rise, in every breast at the return of Christmas, tend much—nore, perhaps, than anything at any other season—to knock down class distinctions, and make all feel, for that one day at any rate, that be our station what it may, mankind are brethren after all. Yet while we live upon this matter-of-fact globe of ours, until we find a short-cut to Utopia, or the Millennium arrives, there must be different classes of society, and, consequently, different ways of spending Chris mas Day. The rich man will continue to enjoy his Christmas Day just how he pleases—the poor man how he can.

Yet it was well he energiated whether fire all the leaves of the little states.

Yet it may well be questioned whether, after all, the poor man's is n

Yet it may well be questioned whether, after all, the poor man's is not the more real enjoyment—of course supposing he is not so very poor as to hack means of having any enjoyment of the day at all. Where this is the case, we can only say, God help him!—ay, and can do our best ourselves to help him too. But for the working man, the father of a family, who can by duit of the most rigid self-denial just manage to make his scanty wages supply help wants throughout the year—for him, we say, we almost fancy Christmas must be a happier time than even for the wealthier classes.

Right merry, doubtless, is it in ancestral halls—glorious in princely mansions, to behold the Christmas table groaning beneath the weight of plenty. Right cheerful is the blaze of the Christmas fireside, flashing from polished grates, reflected upon costly farniture, and multiplied again and yet again by noble mirrors. Pleasant it is to meet in friendly circles, and drink to one another's happiness from choicest glasses filled with choicest wine. Yet all these things lack one thing—novelty. The dinner may be rather better, and the fire brighter, and the faces round it happier, but there are dinners, there are fires, and there may be happy faces there are every day throughout the year.

But if the poor man can contrive to get a Christmas dissociation.

may be rather better, and the fire brighter, and the faces round it happier, but there are dinners, there are fires, and there may be happy faces there on every day throughout the year.

But if the poor man can contrive to get a Christmas dinner!—to see for once—but once—in the long year, (although he have to pinch still closer for it afterwards), abundance on that table so often bare—to listen to the merry crackling of a blazing fire upon that hearth so very often cold—to have his wife and children, usually contented only, for this day made really truly happy—this must be something like enjoyment!

For they are happy, that wife and family of his, and he feels it. For years the partner of his home has smiled upon him, kindly when in prosperity, more kindly still when in adversity. No murmur escaping her when work was scarce and it was hard to live; and when work could be had, laying his money out so cleverly that little as it was it served to make his home a happy one. A wife like this deserved a Christmas dinner, and she should have it. He had (extravagant fellow!) spent nearly half his wages for the week to furnish the requirements of that single day. Well, it was money well spent after all! To see the thorough happiness shed all around was worth the extra self-denial it would cost to make things straight again! We should not have gradged it were it twice as much.

How would the "missus" was of her plum-pudding. The day before

twice as much.

How proud the "missus" was of her plum-pudding. The day before she had been higgling with the greers, trying to get them to take off a forthing here, a halfpenny there; for though her "old man" was determined he would have a right down good Christmas dinner, she would do all she could to let it be a cheap one for him. But not by any stinting. That would, indeed, be false economy in such a case. If she had spoiled that pudding by one raisin less than the due quantity, the whole affair would have been ruined, and so all the money would have been really wested, failing as it would have done to bring the julity demanded for it. The pudding was perfection. The greatest conneiseers in puddings could

not have found a fault with it. If the proportions of a single ingredient in it had been altered, it it had boiled one minute more or less, it would not have been haif the pudding that it was!

And how the cluldren stared with wonder at the unaccustomed luxury! How eager were they to make trial of its merits! And oh! when they shall taste it—But words are weak to tell how much they liked it. Good little boys and girls, who dine on pudding every day, are not the best judges after al. of how very nice pudding is!

And then, that nothing might be wanted, there was the beer! Just brought in tresh from round the corner! They were not fashionable people—their dinner-hour just suited the time the public house was open. What a head of froth it had! How fresh and good it was! No wonder that the master smacked his lips after his first long draught. Even the children—down to the baby—tasted beer upon that Christmas Day.

To-morrow he will go to work again, and must work hard to make up for this dissipation, but the remembrance of that merry Christmas Day will cheer him on; and for a long time yet to come, when he returns at night from work, the merits of the pudding that the "missus" made for Christmas, and the enjoyment of the day upon the whole, will furnish themes for among a happy evening's talk.

And now another Christmas. May we be pardoned if we mention as amongst the "lower orders" the Christmas party in the servants' hall! Will aristocratic plush turn up its nose indignantly at the thought of being classed with lowly fustian? If so, we only can apologise.

It is, indeed, a very different sort of Christmas party from the one we have attempted to describe above; yet jolly in its way—intensely jolly. But then its way is so wholly unlike the other party's way, that we can only account for our mentioning them together, by the fact of our artist having drawn them both upon one page. No matter. It is Christmas time, and our fault—if fault is is—will doubtless be forgiven in the general amenities of the season.

ne, and our fault—if fault it is—win additions to the senson.

Within the servants' hall there is no thought of anything so low as vulur porter, with a head on it. You might just as well expect to find it in y Lord's dining-room, upstairs. My Lord's gentleman is sipping my ord's claret, as composedly and with as great an air of elegance and case as his master. Nor is there any low-lived expressions of delight or wonderent on the one hand, any ridiculous pride or self-congratulation on the there about the pudding. The Christmas dinner for the servants' hall has a master of course. It was very good—and cent on the one hand, any ridiculous pride or self-congratulation on the ther about the pudding. The Christmas dinner for the servants' hall has een prepared by the cook, as a matter of course. It was very good—and ery nice, and all that sort of thing, of course; but the idea of making my fuss about it would be simply ridiculous. My Lady's page was the only ne who seemed costatic on the subject. He was heard to declare that he nought the pudding "stunning," and was immediately ordered out of the com, with an injunction not to come back until he knew how to behave in enteel society, and not to make use of low exprissions.

We were decidedly wrong in classing the servants' hall amongst the cower Orders.

We were decidedly wrong in classing the servants' hall amongst the Lower Orders.

And now toasts are proposed, and the footman looks lovingly at the housemaid, while he gives out the "health of those as every one loves best." And the housemaid hangs her head and titters modestly. And then the valet-de-chambre, who, out of compliment to Christmas time has condescended to be quite friendly and affable with the inferior servants, volunters, a song, and sings one, amidst the most veciferous applause. And then the coachman sings; andthen the lady's maid—who wants a deal of pressing, and commences three times on three different keys, and, finally, breaks down in the middle of the first verse, having succeeded in getting it into a fourth key, which is much too high for her. And then, everybody else sings in turn, with more or less success. And the butler brings in bottle after bottle of the choicest wine, in honour of the day, and, altogether it is a very merry Christmas indeed in the Servants' Hall.

And then it is proposed to have a game of cards, and when they cut for

a very merry Christmas indeed in the Servants' Hall.

And then it is proposed to have a game of cards, and when they cut for partners, the footman and the housemaid find themselves paired, at which there is loud laughing, and sundry prophecies of the speedy opening of a coffee-shop in some genteel locality suitable for "gentleman's servants and others." And they ask the housemaid how much she has saved towards the stock-in-trade and "coming-in," a notion which the footman indignantly rejects, pronouncing coffee-shops "low." But none the less determining that, if he could meet with a sing concern, and if Mary really had saved money—well, he would think about it.

And there was a mistletoe hausing up in the Servant's Hall, and when the cards were done with, everybody kissed everybody else beneath it. It was a good old Christman custom, and no one could object to it, of course. The footman was the first to set the example; he caught the housemaid standing (quite accidentally and without knowing it) beneath the mystic brunch. And though, as we have said, nobody could object, the court bested uncomfortable when anybody else kissed Mary, and

course. The footman was the first to set the example; he caught the housemaid standing (quite accidentally and without knowing it) beneath the mystic branch. And though, as we have said, nobody could object, the footman locked uncomfortable when anybody else kissed Mary, and she seemed far from happy when the footman caught the other female servants there—especially the pretty ones!

And it was not until a very late hour that the Christmas festivities were over in the Servant's Hall.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

FRANCE.

The Emperor, on Saturday last, reviewed in the Carronsel, the Second Division of the Army of the East of France, which has been ordered to Lyons. That Division, under General Renault, had lately arrived in Paris from the camp of the North. The troops were drawn up in four lines; and the Emperor, having taken his station at the Pavillon de Phorioge, distributed a number of crosses and medals, and the Empress having appeared on the balcony, the troops filed by, with enthusiastic cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" and "Vive l'Imperatrice!"

On Sunday morning, a fire broke out in the amphitheatre of the Palais des Beaux Arts, where a distribution of medals to the pupils was to take place under the presidency of the Minister of the Imperial Household. Thuely assistance was afforded, but the fresco-painting of M. Delaroche, representing the history of painting, sculpture, and architecture down to the reign of Louis XIV. has been considerably damaged.

Baron Lejune has left Paris for Teheran with despatches and decorations sent by the Emperor to the Shah of Persia.

The Emperor, it is rumoured, will, in the course of the spring, pay a visit to the King of Sardinie, at Turin.

SPAIN.

THE debates on the Constitution terminated on Friday the 14th inst. The extreme party, desiring to interrogate General O'Donnell, was outvoted. The negotiations for forming a Spanish Credit Mobilier are advancing favourably. The Government is strong, and the country is

advancing tavouranty. The Government is strong, and the country is tranquil.

The Credit Mobilier Company of Paris have projected the establishment of a Bank at Madrid, exactly on the principles of the Credit Mobilier. It will advance the Government 24,000,000 of reals, by way of guarantee, on the security of 3 per cent. stock. The Duke of Sotomayor will be named President; and the Count de Morny has signified his junction will the Credit Mobilier.

A smart shock of earthquake was felt at Barcelona on the evening of the 4th. The church bells rang by its violence, chairs and tables were moved and in some cases overthrown; and great alarm was excited; but it does not appear that any serious damage took place. There was a slight shock at St. Sebastian, which passed off almost unperceived.

AUSTRIA.

COUNT ESTERHAZY left Visings on the evening of Sunday for St. Peters the propositions of Augusta accepted by the Russian Gov a kind which will be accept lived at Vienna that France Count is the bearer, will a kind which will be receptable both to France and England. It is believed at Vienna that France is more desirons of peace that England, and this idea may add to the obstract or Russia, and produce its effect on Austria. It is said, however, that it the Sc. Fetersburg Cabinat cloudd rafuse to accept the four or five conditions on which the Allied Powers have agreed, "the Austrian army will again be placed on a war footing."

It is stated that the English Government has demanded from the Cort Vienna an explanation of the motives which have induced it to relate Austrian army.

On the 13th, while the Empress Elizabeth was proceeding to 8 is a many a proceeding to 8 is a many a proceeding to 8 is a many a processor, as and four the horses took friend.

in neutrone and four, the horses took fright is that. The combinan endeavoured to stop their rerow sade street. The two leaders, however, have using harded from his box, was severely in the combination of the combination o than, using antien from his box, was severely injured, lets, letter then whelly unrestrained, dashed on, when a contagrees the street, and stopped the animals. Her Mayerhate of this occurrence, preserved her usual calmness, steply into a private carriage passing near at the time, drove her of Haffung, and the loud cluster of the people, and data.

PRUSSIA

PRUSSIA.

It is an connect at l'erlin as authentic intelligence, that, in the of November, l'rus ia sent a despatch motivée to St. Petersburg, un soliciting the acceptance of the interpretation of the third point in the Allies, and that Russia has not yet returned any answer.

Count Schwerin, and ninety Liberal members of the Liberal 1 the Prussian Chamber, have given notice of a motion which will before the Chamber, have given notice of a motion which will before the Chamber, the whole question of governmental interference of members, it has been sufficiently shown that, in the recent election of the cleator was scriously interfered with, and had control law and the dignity of the national representation demand that the bethoroughly investigated.

An unbuppy event has created no slight sensation in high Berlin. M. Niebahr, Councillor of the Cabinet, and Private So the King, has been struck with sudden blindness.

RUSSIA.

RUSSIA.

Accounts from Hamburg state that the Russian generals consolar St. Petersburg have already held several meetings at the Admiral the Ministry of War. At the end of this month they are to account a permanent great council of war.

The government has levied a new tax on Poland, in the voluntary contribution, for the benefit of the defenders of School Every peasant with pay a sum equivalent to 20 centimes.

A letter from Odessa of the 5th says:—"The Grand Duke School arrived to-day at the palace of Prince Woronzow. There are many end who have made the campaign in the Crimea here, either to recombine their wounds or to take repose. The medals for the defence of School are of gold for the officers, and of silver for the privates. On one so this inscription—"Dedicated to the brave army in eternal memory of immortal defence of Sebastopol," and on the other, "From the combe-regretted Emperor Nicholas, and from Alexander."

SWEDEN.

SWEDEN.

A DESPATCH dated Stockholm, Dec. 18, states that the King in a treaty with England and France, and that the two Allied Powers githe territorial integrity of Sweden, and that the latter engages alienate any part of its territory to Russia.

The high contracting parties engage to communicate, methally ciprocally, all propositions coming from Russia.

DENMARK

DENMARK.

The American Government has sent a note in reply to the manager received from Denmark to be present at the Conferences, declaring the it cannot admit the "pretended rights" put forth by Denmark. As a the consequences which it has been sought to draw from the long the the Sound dues have been received, the United States do not according to the Conference of powers of a public European law are words the insays) not admitted in the political vocabulary of the New World. The American Government, rejecting in principle the claims of Denmark says) not admitted in the political vocabulary of the Conference, but admits that Denmark has gone to considerable expense for the construction and repair of the different lighthouses for the guidance of ussels in passing through the Sound. The United States, in consequence, declare their readiness to pay their part of an indemnity to cover the expenses, and are also disposed to contribute for the future to the expense of those lights. "The settlement of these two points may," adds the note, "be made the subject of a separate convention between the United States of America and Denmark."

Ka

SARDINIA.

SARDINIA.

The King returned to Turin on the evening of the 11th instant, and was enthusiastically welcomed home again. The National Guara was under arms, and the streets were crowded. The Piazza Carlo Felice and the adjoining streets were illuminated, and adorned with the colours of the four Allied Powers. His Majesty, who was loudly cheered all alone, was received at the Palace by deputations from the Senate and Chamber of Deputies.

Deputies.

TURKEY.

Accounts from Constantinople state that rumours of the approaching eatry of Redschid Pacha into the Cabinet still prevailed in the politic saloons of Pera, though the Minister of Marine had still the confidence of the Sultan. Nothing was decided on the affairs of the Moldavian Convents. The Porte was, however, in possession of sufficient informational be able, within a very short period, to decide on a question of such attemportance for the Principalities. The news of the death of Adairs Bruat produced a most painful impression at Constantinople, where ever one was earer to do justice to the eminent qualities of that officer, an appreciated the valuable services rendered by him during the campaign the Crimea.

the Crimea.

The Orinoco left on the 3rd for Odessa, with 280 invalided Russian prisoners that were in the hands of the French, and 150 healthy prisoners.

in those of the Turks.

The Sultan had received in private audience Admiral Stewart, who took leave of his Highness. The admiral presented the principal officers of the fleet, and their reception was most gracious.

fleet, and their reception was most gracious.

AMERICA.

The Canada arrived at Liverpool on Sunday last with advices from New York, vid Halifax, to the 6th inst. Congress assembled on the 3rd, and adjourned after four hours ineffectual attempts to elect a Speaker.

The Washington correspondent of the "New York Herald," reference to the English and American question, says:—"Despatches by the departure of the Canada. Mr. Buchanan says that Lord Clarendon and as British Cabinet are endeavouring to patch up a reply to our Government communication in reference to the violation of our neutrality laws is British agents, in order, if possible, not to wound our sensitiveness and at the same time to shield Mr. Crampton."

According to the "New York Herald," the Washington Cabinet in rejected Denmark's proposition for a capitalisation, or a tax according to the "New York Herald," the Washington Cabinet in rejected Denmark's proposition for a capitalisation, or a tax according to the value of the cargo, in lieu of the present Sound dues.

Another section of upwards of 100 miles of the Canadian Grand Trank Railway has been opened for traffic from Montreal to Brockwick, as the head of the St. Lawrence.

Advices from Central America state that General Corral, after his officiant of the Canada, was arrested on a charge of treason, tried by contractions, and shot. General Valle had reinforced Grenada with 140 nen.

A severe cartiqueke had done great damage at Traxillo, and the orbitalish had to canap out.

From Peru we have a runnour of a revolutionary movemen, in Acceptage.

habitants had to camp out.

From Peruwe have a rumour of a revolutionary movemen, in Acequity, and other southern towns, in favour of General Vivanco, but it wanted

The Empress of the French.—It is said that Lord Brougham will the di-have a near neighbour of the highest distinction; for it seems that the read inducements of salubrity and scenery which determined his Lordship originally to fix upon Cannes, in the department of Var, as his continental residence, have also inducement the Emperor of the French to select the same delightful victuaes of the Meotherranean class for the approaching accountment of the Empress Fugging.

The Mar.

THE WAR IN ASIA.

THE WAR IN ASIA.

THE FALL OF KARS.

As stated in our last week's impression, Kars has, at length, been obliced to equations. Inding himself reduced by famine to the last extensive, and heavy no presence of relief, the Turkish Commander of Kars form of inconstible to protect the steep any longer. Although overcome at least, the heavy gerrison of Kars has yielded to necessity, without, however, having heat any of its hards. The proverbial endurance of the Turkish soldness has been fully maintained, and their reputation remains and matching the content, has consed the Russian cordon and escaped.

The same of Kars will analysis to bright episode in the history of the war. Then by corrier, and garrisoned by the redices of a beaten sarry, but guided by real-measural kittel objects, Kars has sustained a blockade of six months and republish two assaults. The services of General Williams, Leutenout changed take, Major Teosdale, Captain Thompson, Mr. Churchhill, and Dr. Sandwith will not be forcotten.

Famine did the work in which Russian bayonets failed. For nearly a month the garrison had been in dire distress, and for some days absolute struction prevailed. The country round was held by Russian detachments. A strong force was on the ridge of the Soghaniy mountains, ready to oppose the march of a relieving army. The few stragglers who field from the invested city were, for the nost part, end off by the enemy's cavalry.

THE POSITION ON THERISH AND RUSSIAN FORCES.

The first reflection that presents the like is as to what has become of the relieving army under the greatest Ottoman general. With has been the restlet of the operations which were to cause the retreat of the Russian army? We are informed that Omae Tacha is still at Sugdition, on the Ingour, within a short distance of the seat where the conflict of the 6th of November took place. Whether the Ottoman general would advance during the next four months there would be no movement; and that the Turks, like their all fairly of the captain and the passing the winte

That the brave Williams and his noble comrades are prisoners there can now be no doubt. If terms of expituation could not be agreed upon, teneral Williams's only alternative was to attempt to cut his way through the Russian force, and risk the extermination of his troops. Beaten by disease and futigue, their food and ammunition at an end, relief hepeless, the men who have made the name of Kars illustrious, could, by no human means, longer defend the place for which they have an idead so much.

The following telegraphic despatch from Hamburg confirms the sud-intelligence given above:—

"Advices from St. Petersburg, dated yesterday, the 15th inst., state that Kars surrendered to General Mouraviell on the 28th November.

"Vasif Pacha, eight other Pachas, General Williams, and the whole of the garrison are prisoners of war."

OPERATIONS IN THE CRIMEA.

Nov. 27.—For a change we had a frost last night, and this morning a slow, regular snow-fall.

Nov. 27.—For a change we had a frost has angent, and was morning a slow, regular snow-fall.

MUD EVERYWHERS.

Nov. 30. We are all ancle deep in mud. No, that would be nothing. It would be no great matter of complaint or grievance if we had to deal with the ordinary material, so familiar to all Londoners after a few wet days, ere the scavengers remove the formidable soft parapets which line the kerbstones. Literally and truly it is like glue half-boiled and spread over the face of the earth for the depth of several feet. It is no joke for a soldier to see his sleeping place, in hut or tent, cevered with this nasty slune; but they cannot be kept clean. One step outside and you are done for. The mud is lying in wait for you, and you just carry back as much en your feet as if you walked a mile. Carts stick immoveably in the ground, or the wheels and askes fly into pieces from the strain of the horses and mules, which have led a wretched existence indeed ever since this weather legan.

or the wheels and axles fly into pieces from the strain of the horses and males, which have led a wretched existence indeed ever since this weather began.

THE FRAIL CHARACTER OF THE HUTS.

The new huls are much complained of, and it is said they are frail, ill-made, full of chinks and knots, which drop out, and leave inimical little embrasures for the wind to shoot through. During a moderately strong breeze of wind, a short time ago, the roof of one of the hospital huts at the Monastery went off on a mission of its own, and left the poor inmates shivering in the cold till they were removed to another building. The hut in question, however, was built before the new huts came.

THE "RADER."

Dec. 3.—The spot where the races took place to-day was in a valley between the French head-quarters and the Monastery, about two miles from the sea-shore, and the distance from camp was too great to permit the attendance of many of the soldiers—a circumstance which General Codvington regretted, as the cheering effects of such assemblages among English soldiers are undoubted; but no other piece of ground equally good and large enough for the purpose was available within easy reach of the camps. The races were well attended. Marshal Felissier drove over in an open carriage, preceded by a solitary Spahi (who seems the last of the bright-eyed, wild-looking, and picturesque warriors who formed St. Arnaud's escort), and followed by a body guard of regular cavalry. Several of his staff and a large number of French officers were also present, and seemed to take a lively interest in the races. General della Marmora, and many Sardinian officers, paid us the compliment of coming over from the neighbourhood of Tchorgoun, and Sir William Codrington, attended by a single orderly, rode across from the English head-quarters, and remained on the ground till the principal races were over. The divisional generals, brigatiers, colonels, and staff officers were pentified as blackberries; and hough the only representative of the fair sex was Mrs.

hurdles, and a brook twelve feet wide.

THE IMMENSE WASTE OF PROFERTY.

It is generally believed that for three feet deep the whole of the guay of Balachava, near the Commissariat landing-place, is a concrete of barley and corn. The sacks are often badly fied or rotten and full of holes. It is no uncommon thing to see a Creat or Turkiel labourer waddling slowly along with a sack on his back from which the corn is descending in streams

against the back of his legs, till he arrives from the ship at the store, and then to behold him d positing the collapsed and flaceid bag on the heap with the greatest gravity and satisfaction at his success in diminishing his load at every step. In the various Divisional Commissariat depots there is also an enormous less of grain from similar causes, and from shifting the sacks and the distribution of the rations. But it seems to be impossible to prevent these losses, which are regarded as incidental to a state of war.

the saces and the distribution of the rassous.

Sible to prevent these losses, which are regarded as incidental to a state of war.

Dec. 3.—A dreadful gale passed over us last night. Many huts and tents were blown down all over the camp.

DRUNKENNESS IN THE ARMY—ITS CAUSE.

The Saturnalia in which the army scenes to have indulged while the expedition was at Kinburn have terminated, and wise, judicious, and feeling measures have been taken by the Courander-in-Chief to prevent their recurrence by pointing out to the soldiers the mischief they do themselves, their families, their courades, the army, and the country by such excesses. The fact is, that Major Powys has pointed out some of the main causes of the evil in his letter, and those causes will be removed in a great measure by the orders which General Codirington has issued respecting the transmission of soldiers' money to home. There will be dranken soldiers ever, just as there are drunken cobblers and drunken gentlemen, but the men had more money than they knew what to do with; they could not get rid of it in any way but by drinking it or throwing it away, and some of them selected the former plan, while many more escaped the alternative by wisely keeping it. The other day a man came to me and begged of me to take care of 30 sovereigns for him, as "he did not know what to do with it till he could get leave to purchase his discharge, and it was not safe to carry it about with him." Would it not be practicable to establish ambulatory regimental savings-banks in the field at trifling trouble and small expense?

MUTINY OF BASHI-BAZOUKS.

MUTINY OF BASHI-BAZOUKS.

The following particulars respecting a recent mutiny of Bashi-Bazouka are extracted from a letter dated Smyrna, Dec. 1st:—

"A tragical scene took place yesterday morning on board the Tancrede steampacker, at the moment when she arrived from Syria. On her leaving Jaffa, the English agent he dembarked on board of her 105 Bashi-Bazouks belonging to the English contingent. As these men were proceeding to their destination without any officers, and had received five monitis pay, or 400f., in advance, they thought the best plan to adopt was to desert, and then re-enlist with some other agent, and he paid over again. At Tripoil and at Alexandria, they endeavoured in vain to deserve the vigilance of the captain, and they therefore plotted together to force their way from the vessel in a body, when they enched Smyrna. When they attempted to carry their intention into effect, the captain of the Tancrede armed his crew, and, notwithstanding their numerical inferiority, they bravely opposed the efforts of the Bashi-Bazouks. But 13 men could not long resist 105 of tarse bandits, who had armed themselves with handspikes and Captain Lamoute sent a body of men under the command of two officers. The Tancrede was boarded, and some of the Bashi-Bazouks jumped overboard, and others formidable weapons. Signal was than made to the Oliver frigate, and others took refuge in the hold. They were disarmed, but not without resistance, and some blood was shed. The ragicales of the revolt, a fall negro, who had assessinated three persons before he left Jaffa, was severely wounded, as were 14 others. Ten of those who had jumped overboard were picked up by the boats of the Oliver, and, with the others, making 89 in number, were delivered over to the Turkish authorities. The wounded were removed to the civil hospital."

DISCRACEFUL STATE OF TURKISH PRISONS AND PRISONERS. The well-known S. G. Osborne, who has recently returned from a visit to the East, and whose letters on Social Questions, were years ago read with interest by all classes of the community, has published in the "Times," the following graphic account of the prisons and prisoners at Stamboul, under English protection. We trust that the publicity thus given to these "awful borrors" may lead the nations now in alliance to use their influence with the Sultan to obtain some, if the least, approach to humanity in the treatment of these prisoners. Mr. Osborne says:—

"After a brief conversation at the entrance of the gaol between Mr. S— and some of the authorities, we walked through a small courtyard to a strongly-built pulsading, through which we could see a crowd of the prisoners. In a recess on one side of this was a kind of office, in which sat one or two of the prison officers. Our object having been explained to them, after a short delay we were allowed to enter. We stood at once in a confined open space, so crowded with prisoners as to make a passage through them appear at first scarcely practicable. They were clad in every wirety of Eastern costume, in every conceivable degree of dirt and dense; they were evidently of many nations, and I could not till then have conceived to passable to present to the eye in so small a space such a congregation of human beings as possessed of every feature belokening the depth of all vice and degradation."

and decreated a possible to present to the eye in so small a space such a congrueation of human beings so possessed of every feature belokening the depth of all vice and decreatation."

After giving an account of his visit to different parts of the gaol, Mr. Osborne continues:—

"Howing returned our steps to the courtyard, we there stood a few minutes to regard more closely its occupants. They were defined to us as murderers, pirates, and bandits, a very large proportion of amugglers; thieves and criminals of all degrees made un the rest. Many of their dresses were most picturesque, very many were searedly clothed at all; there was every shade of complexion, from the dark Nathan to the pale Greek.

"Leaving these, who were in some sort enjoying light and air, we ascended a bread, streenely fifthy ladder staircase, in which occasionally there was such a space from some of the rangs being missing that I required help to get up. This led us to a passage, nearly dark, out of which opened certain wards or rooms, barely lighted by small, stoutiy-barred, ungiasted windows. The description given of the latrine at Scattar, by my friend Stafford, would not do justice to the filth of the passage and floors of these rooms; they were positively sloppy with the worst of filth; the said rooms were jammed full of human life. Squatting against the walls and extended in every posture on the floor, were prisoners of all ages, of all dyes of crime, many heavily fromed. I dely any pen to describe the intamous horrors of this scene. Call Howard from the grave and give to that the graphic power of our friend Russell, he could but give a faint extech of the condition of the prisoners in these lofts. If it were possible to conceive human mature as it is in the East drained to its lowest and vilest dregs, and this refuse compressed into a space in which that it was bicless would be the one palliation of the horror of the spectacle, you would approach the reality of the scene, but the moving of the mass lold its life and divulged its tru

which many strangers joined. The superior School of Engineers, where the General was adnested, could not fail to pay honour to its most distinguished scholar. A grand dinner was given at it, in honour of the general. The Grand Duke Nicholas, in his capacity as Inspector-General of Engineers, honoured the dinner by his presence, at which were present all the generals and officers who took part in the defence of Schastopol, and who are here at this moment, as well as the fernaer scholars of that establishment. The various clubs likewise prepared banquets in honour of General Todtleben.

THE FRENCH EMPEROR AND MR. STAFFORD, M.P. In the month of September last an address was presented by the officers and sub-officers of a French detachment, on its way to the Dardanelles, to Mr. Augustus Stafford (M.P. for Northamptonshire), for the services readered by that gentleman to the soldiers attacked by cholera on board ship. Mr. Stafford being on his return to England, and the French Emperor, who had been made acquainted with all the particulars, learning that he was in Paris, addressed to him the following letter:—

Paris, addressed to him the following letter:

"Becember 12.

"Br.—I have read with the most lively interest the details that you have been kind enough to communicate to me on the transport of a certain portion of the French troops from Marseilles to the Dardanelles on board the English vessel Elsa. They testify the most enlightened solicitude on your part, and I thank you for it. But your incessant care for our solders, attacked as they were by cholera, during the whole of the passage, your self-denial, your courage, the perilous forgetfulness of yourself in presence of the epidemic—everything in your conduct, presents a rare-example of devotedness to your fellow-creatures. Already you have obtained the most pleasing recompense in those letters in which the officers and soldiers of the different corps express to you their admiration and their gratitude. And I am happy to add to it the expression of my own gratitude, and of my sentiments of high esteem for you.

(Signed)

"Napoleon."

their gratitude. And I am happy to add to it the expression of my own graitude, and of my sentiments of high estern for you.

(Signed)

"NAPOLEON."

THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH AT RUGELEY.

As inquest, extending over Wednesday, Fuiday, and this day week, was held at Rugeley, on the body of a gentleman, named John Parsons Cook, who died suddenly early on the morning of the 21st oft. Mr. Cook, who died suddenly early on the morning of the 21st oft. Mr. Cook, who had resided at Lutterwork was a racing and betting man, and the owner of the horse Polestar. This horse he had entered for two of the stakes at the late Shrewsbury races, on the 13th and 14th of November, when the horse won. While at Shrewsbury, after the race, Mr. Cook was taken in the state of the deceased, the stomach and intestines being east to Dr. Taylor, Frofessor of Chemistry and Medical Jurisprudence at Guy's Hospital, London, at the same time, for analysation.

At the adjourned inquiry which look place this day week, several winesses (many of whom were connected with the turf) were examined, independent of the deceased visual control of the deceased visual control of the control of the visual control of the visual control of the visu

William Palmer."

The coroner immediately made out his warrant for the committal of Mr. Palmer to the county gool at Stafford, for trial at the March assizes, for the wilful murder of Mr. Cook.

Caossing Chrques.—The "Economist" suggests that, if more security be required than the present practice of crossing cheques affords, it is easily obtained, and now at a mere nominal cost, by drawing a cheque to order in the form of a bill of exchange requiring endorsement. Bills on demand require now only a stamp of one penny for any amount, and there can therefore be neither difficulty nor hardship in adopting this more secure mode when greater safety is required. The trading community have an easy and cheap remedy in their own hands, without going to the Government, as has been recommended.

The French Army in the East.—It will be remembered that, in the letter addressed by the Emperor to Marshal Pelissier, congratulating him on the victory of Traktir, his Majesty announced the resolution of causing the regiments of the army of the East to be relieved in succession by fresh regiments and fresh divisions, one under the orders of General de Chasseloup-Laubat, the other consisting of the Jamin and Labadie brigades, left Marseilles some weeks ago, and have already arrived in the Crimea. On the other hand, two divisions from the Crimea, one formed of the Imperial Guard, the other consisting of the 20th, 39th, 50th, and 97th regiments of the line, have returned to France.

NAFOLEON III. AND A GRENADIER.—During the residence of the Emperor at St. Cloud in October last, his Majesty received a petition, which was handed him by a grenadier of his guard on duty at the palace. Early on the following morning, a person having on a light summer cost, without a hat, waistead, or cravat, entered the guard-house, and glaneing round at the soldiers who were there, said to the grenadier above named "It was you who yesterday handed me a petition." The soldier then recegnised the Emperor, who spoke to him with the greatest kindness. The petition was from the mother of the grenadier, herself the daughter of an old soldier, and who had lost another son in the Crimea. After minutely inquiring into the situation of the family, the Emp





MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

EXTRACTS FROM VOLE. III. AND IV.

WILLIAM OF DRANGE REWEEN TWO STOCES.

Let's attendement to the new settlement almost exclusively among the Torics, the sty attendement to the new settlement almost exclusively among the Livie. It was not the fault of the King that the knowledge and the acts which, combined, make a valuable servant of the State, must at that time be had separately or not at all. If he employed men of one party, there was great risk of treachery. If he employed men of both parties, there was still some risk of mistakes—there was still some risk of treachery. The employed men of both parties, there was still some risk of mistakes—there was still some risk of treachery—and to these risks was added the certainty of dissension. He might plus Whigs and Torics, but it was beyond his power to mix them.

The two Socretaries of State were constantly showing to draw their master in diametrically opposite directions. Every scheme, every person recommends by one of them was reproduced by the other. Notingham was never weary of repeating that the old Roundhead party—the party which had taken the life of Charles I. and had plotted against the life of Charles II.—was in principle Republican, and that the Torics were the only true friends of Monarchy. Strewbarry replied that the Torics were the only true friends of Monarchy. Strewbarry replied that the Torics were the only true friends of Monarchy, but that they regarded James as their Monarch. Notingham was always bringing to the closet intelligence of the wild day-dreams in which a few old catera of call's head, the remains of the once formiballe party of Bradshaw and Irreton, still indulged at laverus in the city. Shawabarry bringing to the closet intelligence of the wild day-dreams in which a few old catera of call's head, the remains of the once formiballe party of Bradshaw and Irreton, still indulged at laverus in the city. Shawabarry was always to the conference of the city of the wild day-dreams in which a few old catera t

ordinary deportment, would have exacted a terrible retribution. Then, restraining himself, he ordered his own surgeon to look to the hurts of the captive.

The English who remained began, in almost every county, to draw close together. Every large country-house became a fortress. Every visitor who arrived after nightfall was challenged from a loophole or from a barricaded window; and, if he attempted to enter without passwords and explanations, a blunderbuss was presented to him. On the dreaded night of the 9th of December, there was scarcely one Protestant mansion, from the Giant's Causeway to Bantry Bay, in which armed men were not watching and lights burning from the early sunset to the late sunrise.

The Highlanders while they continued to be a nation living under a peculiar polity, were in one sense better and in another sense worse fitted for military purposes than any other nation in Europe. The individual Celt was morally and physically well qualified for war, and especially fer war in so wild and rugged a country as his own. He was intrepid, strong, fleet, patient of cold, of hunger, and of fatigue. Up steep crags and over treacherous morasses he moved as easily as the French honsehold troops paced along the great road from Versailles to Marh. He was accustomed to the use of weapous and to the sight of blood; he was a fencer; he was a marksman; and before he had ever stood in the ranks he was already more than half a soldier.

As the individual Celt was easily turned into a soldier, so a tribe of Celts was easily turned into a batalion of soldiers. All that was necessary was that the military organisation should be conformed to the patriarchal gramisation. The chief must be colonel; his uncle or his brother must be major; the tacksmen, who formed what may be called the peerage of the little community, must be the captains; the company of each captain must consist of those peasants who lived on his land, and whose names, faces, connexions, and characters were perfectly known to him; the subalieur of fli project the murderer. All that was left to the commander under whom these potentates condescended to serve was to argue with them, to supplicate them, to flatter them, to bribe them; and it was only during a short time that any human skill could preserve harmony by these means. For every chief thought himself entitled to peculiar observance: and it was

refere impossible to may marked court to any one without disobliging creat. The general found himself merely the president of petty kings, was perp traffy called upon to bear and compose disputes about pedices, about precedence, about the division of spoil. His decision, be it at it might, must oftend somebody. At any moment he might hear Therefore

the real. The general found hinselt merely the president of peety kings. He was perpetually called upon to bear and compose disputes about predigrees, about precedence, about the division of spoil. His decision, be it what it might, must oftend somebody. At any moment he might hear that his right wing had fired on his centre in pursuance of some quarrel 200 years old, or that a whole battailon had mached back to its native glen, because another battalion had been put in the post of homour. A Highland hard might ceasily have found in the history of the year 1659 subjects very similar to those with which the war of Troy furnished the great poets of antiquity. One day Achilles is sullen, keeps his tent, and amounces his intention to depart with all his men. The next day Ajax is storming about the camp, and threatening to cut the throat of Ulysses.

ARCHISTOP TILLOTSON.

Tillotson was taken suddenly ill white attending puolic worship in the chapel of Whitchall. Promit remedies might perhaps have saved him; but he would not interrupt the prayers; and, before the service was over, his unfally was beyond the reach of medicine. He was almost speechless; but his friends long remembered with pleasure a few broken ejaculations which showed that he enjoyed pace of mind to the last. He was horied in the church of Saint Lavrence slewry, near Guiddall. It was there that he had won his immense oratorical reputation. He had preached there during the thirty years which preceded his elevation to the shrone of Canterbury. His eleouence had attracted to the heart of the City crowds of the learned and polite, from the finas of Court and from the lordly mansions of St. James's and Soho. A considerable part of his congregation had generally consisted of young clergymen, who came to learn the art of preaching at the feet of him who was universally considered as the first of preaching at the feet of him who was universally considered as the first of preaching at the feet of him who was universally considered as the first of preaching at

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

An Issu Berach of Promise—Husford v. Singleton.—This case, which appears to have excited much interest in Dubin, and attracted to the court a number of ladies, whose presence proved somewhat inconvenient, was tried, last Saturday, before the Chief Justice, the fair plaintiff being Miss Sarah Hurford, a lady of 25; the defendant, a Mr. Edward Singleton, who, though old enough to be her father, being upwards of 60, had the recommendation of possessing a good deal of money, and holding a situation in the Census Office, worth four or five hundred pounds a vest.

court a number of tadies, whose presence proved somewhat inconvenient, was tried, last Saturds, before the Chief Justice, the fair plantiff being Miss Sarah Hurford, a lady of 2s; the defendant, a Mr. Edward Singleton, who, though old cought to be her fairch, chieg upwards of 0c, had the recommendation of puscessing a good deal of money, and bolding a situation in the Genas Ollice, worth four or five hundred pounds a year.

Mrs. Melhood, on being extunined, said—I can the sister of the plantiffication of the control of the money of the plantiffication of the control of the money of the control of th

by the visitation of God, attacked by apoplexy, and rendered so infirm as to be unable to perform his pron ise.

Damages were laid at £500, and the issues were, whether the defendant was so afflicted as to prevent him marrying the plaintiff; and if so, whether he was so afflicted before a reasonable time clapsed for performing the promise. Evidence having been heard, the jury found for the plaintiff—£300 damages and costs.

SHERMORE, COLONER, M.P.—On the I in Square, the decelerated Colonel Simhorp colonel was born in 1782, and married, in I should be the colonel was born in 2782, and married, in I should be the colonel was born in 1782, and married in I in I should be the colonel was born in 1782, and married colling.

and French armies in all the sieges and battles of the Penuentur was sterling honesty and integrity of character were as distinguished as hability, and he was deservedly popular among his brethen of the robe death, which was caused by a bronchial affection and disease of the hea very sudden, as he returned on foot from his Chambers, where he had be suite his professional business, to dinner at 6 o'clock on the day proceed death. Mr. Cowling was married, and has left a young family. Mr. Cowli Standing Counsel to, and Deputy High Steward of, the University of Cam Barker, Mr. J.—At Philadelphia, U.S., on the 1st inst., Mr. Joseph I formerly of Leeds, died very suddenly after addressing an anti-slaver in for upwards of three hours. He was formerly a Wesleyan Minister, but wards became a Unitarian, and a free thinker. He was indicied at Liver 1848 for sedition as a Chartist, and for having urged the adoption of a force; but the indictment was withdrawn. He had some time since on to the more free and congenial soil of America, where he had adopted the a writer against religion.

DRURY, R.M., and nephew and heir-at-law of the late George V. Drury, I Shotover House, near Oxford, died at Cintra Lodge, St. John's Wood, 21st year. The deceased gentleman was the last male representative ancient family of Drury, which came over with the Conqueror from Nor and was originally settled at Thurston, in Suffolk. A collateral ancest Gentleman of the Priry Chamber to Charles I., and his grandson was en Baronet in 1739, but the title became extinct in the second generation mother of the late Mr. Drury was a Miss Sanyth, Bart., of Hill Hall, Epping, M.P. for South Essex, and his fait herited Shotover from his mother, who was the only daughter of the late Augustus Schutz of Halplace.

Gordon, T. Esq.—On the 6th inst., died at Fort George, N.B., of mas small pox, in the 66th year of his age, Thomas Gordon, Esq., of Park County of Banff, Lient.-Colonel, commanding the 76th (Inverness, Ban Highland Light Infantry. Mr. Gordon, who succeed

a few days previously, had burst a blood-vessel in the act of stepping out of her carriage at the Exeter Railway Station, and the accident proved a fatal one of Bernard Edward, fitteenth Duke of Norfolk, and was married in 1831 to her husband, by whom she leaves issue a youthful family. Mr. Buller was a material grandson of the late Right Rev. Dr. Buller, Bishop of Exeter, and the family, for several generations, have represented the Counties of Devon and Corawall, and the City of Exeter.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

THE HOLLI-TREE INN—"PUNCH'S ALMANAC" FOR 1856.

Is ever there was a man overflowing with geniality, that man is Charles Dickens. His kindly spirit pours itself through his writings, and is the leading attribute of his life; it causes his pen to wander from the subject immediately before him, and the wondering gives us a bit of glorious sunny cheering description, making us more appreciative of present benefits, and more inclined to bear with those around us; it leads him from his own vocation (only temporarily though) into the councils of men, and we reap the benefit of his clear common sense and quick appreciation. To be blessed with such a mind as his, must indeed be a "continual feast;" and be it always remembered that what he is he has made himself; his were no ancestral or monetary honours; he

DECEMBER 29, 1865.

ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

THE COINCER AT "THE CUBS

**Work for the first of the best of the first of

and "effect" will surpass anything hitherto attempted. Mr. Anderson has, it is said, already expended upwards of two thousand pounds on his Pantomime, and is determined not to hold his hand should further payment be required.

The title of the Drury Lane Pantomime, which is written by Mr. E. L. Blanchard, is, "Hey Diddle Diddle; or Harlequin King Nonsense, and the Seven Ages of Man," being apparently an allegorical and pantominical elucidation of Shakspeare's description of the varied phases of man's existence. The opening commences with a view of the "Region of Nursery Rhymes," where King Nonsense rules supreme, and where Humpty Dumpty, Jack Horner, and the other famous heroes of our nursery legends, are soothing the cars of Babyhood with the memorable metrical romances that belong to the period of infancy. King Nonsense receives a visit from Common Sense, who offers to make an amicable arrangement to share the Christmas throne, but an obstacle appears in the form of Routine and his inseparable friend Red Tape, who have been banished to Noodledom, Common Sense, however, causes them to disappear, and then the compact is completed. The rest of the opening is devoted to a whimsical illustration of the progress of the hero, young Hopeful, through the stages of the lover and the soldier, &c.; and after a grand ballet in the Bower of Love, the characters meet in the Ruined Cottage of Old Age, which is transformed into one of Mr. William Beverley's magnificent fairy palaces, symbolising the regions of Perpetual Spring. The allegory is carefully maintained throughout; the puns and parodies introduced impart some of the qualities of burlesque, the scenery throughout is brilliant and effective, and the double pantomine company, with Tom Matthews and Boleno for the clowns, will form a strong attraction. Great expenditure has been gone to in every department.

Mr. Buckstone has again taken the pen in hand for the opening portion of his own pantomine, which will be called the "Butterfly's Ball;" and of the scenery, romanti

by Mr. F. Fenton, is very good; and the pantomine company, with C. Fenton for Harlequin, Miss Caroline Parkes Columbine, and Nicolo Deulin Clown, will be equal to the strongest ready at other calcidednants. The "comic business" is spoken of as unusually smart and effective.

Last week I as attended the intended benefit to Mrs. Macanasara, are of the Olympic and Lyceum Theatres. It took place on Theaday right, and was attended by a brilliant and numerous audience. Messrs. And rson, Leigh Murray, Buckstone, &c., gave their services, and brides the play Mr. Albert Smith spoke an address, written by himself.

It is proper to mention that this benefit was originally proposed and carried through by Mr. A. Arcedeckne, a gentleman who ranks as one of the kindest friends of all engaged in the theatrical profession. Admirably seconded by Mr. Markwell (both being good amateur actors themselves), he set himself to work in earnest, and used both his time and influence so well, that by the proceeds of the entertainment an aged and influence so well, that by the proceeds of the entertainment an aged and influence so well, that by the proceeds of the entertainment an aged and influence so well, that by the proceeds of the context and a linduces of those who reaconbered her in better times.

JENNY LIND AT EXETER HALL.

THE second of Madame Lind Goldschmidt's concerts was given at Exeter Hall on Monday evening. The oratorio was "Elijah." The performance, as a whole, was much superior to that of "The Creation" last week, notwithstanding the great complexity and difficulty of the music. All the principal solo parts were admirably sung. In addition to Madame Goldschmidt, there were Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Haundton Braham; and for the additional parts required in the concerted pieces there were Miss Messent, Miss E. Williams, Mr. Walker, Mr. Smythson, and Mr. Lawler. Madame Goldschmidt's genius brought many beauties to light which had entirely escaped the observation of her predecessors, and gave the fullest life, the most complete meaning, to passages whose true character and purpose had hitherto been but faintly indicated, or, at best, inadequately expressed. Not a note of Mendelsohn was neglected by Madame Jonny Lind; each accent and emphasis, every crescendo and diminuendo, as marked by the composer, were religiously observed; to every note was given its just duration; even to the minutest detail the singer was perfectly correct, and this not only without stiffness or pedantry, but with a fine, free, and really poetical spirit, that showed she had literally learned her author by heart. Exeter Hail was densely crowded.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

Dog-Dealing and Dog-Stealing.—Virilian Enser, was brought up at the Massion House, on Monday, before the Lord Mayor, charged with having stoica a dog.

Mr. Butler, a wins merchant, said—On Friday, between four and five o'clock, as I was going along King William Street, I saw the prisoner, whem I have known for some years as a dog-dealer, and another man. The other man was standing with his back to the door, and the prisoner was ceasing a dog into the lobby of a house. I then heard a call-whistle for a dog, and the prisoner whoped up the milmal, and passed it to the other man. They both walked towards Fencicurch Street, where the prisoner took the dog from his compani in. The dog barked twice, and the prisoner struck it; and I gave him into the custody of an onicer for the robbery. The officer asked whether the dog was his, and he said "No," and put it down, and away the dog ran. I ran after the dog till I found the owner.

The prisoner said—I assure your Lordship that I am no dog-stealer; but I'll tell you the sample fact. A gentleman I met in Leadenhall Market trid me he had just bot a dog, and described it, and said he would give me 5s. I'l would receive it. I ran with a frend of nine to look after the animal, and who should we see wandering about but this very dog now present, and we agreed that he must be the dog as was lost, and we took him up, and I was carrying him of to his master, when the gentleman came and charged me as a dog-stealing (A laugh.) I never was in custody before.

The Lord Mayor—You had no deg-s-meat with you at the time?

Prisoner—Not a bit, your Lordship. I merely took up the animal to take had to his master, as I thought. I self dogs, but I never steal 'em.

The Lord Mayor—You had no the results of this dog, together with the penalty of 25, or go to prison for three months.

The Prisoner was committed.

to his master, as I thought. I sell dogs, but I never steal 'em.

The Lord Mayor—You must pay 10s, the value of this dog, together with the penalty of £5, or go to prison for three months.

The prisoner was committed.

The WHITECHAFEL WORKHOUSE.—Several destitute persons presented themselves at the Worship Street Police Court last week, to complain of the hards themselves at the Worship Street Police Court last week, to complain of the hards themselves at the Worship Street Police Court last week, to complain of the hards themselves at the Worship Street Police Court last week, to complain of themselves the Whitechapel Union. It appeared, from the attainest of the two instabilities of the Whitechapel Union. It appeared, from the attainest of the two instabilities of the street workhold of the work of the work of the street will be a support the series of a severe stack of lithics, accompanied by a partial deprivation of sight, which entirely incapacitated the Insbird from working at his trade as a purner, year administration that nothing rover could be done for them, and then they were ammoned before the guardians in the board-room, where they received an abrapt into a street without surther ceremony.

The Wischartac—Boyou mean to say that no reasons whatever were assigned for your expulsion?

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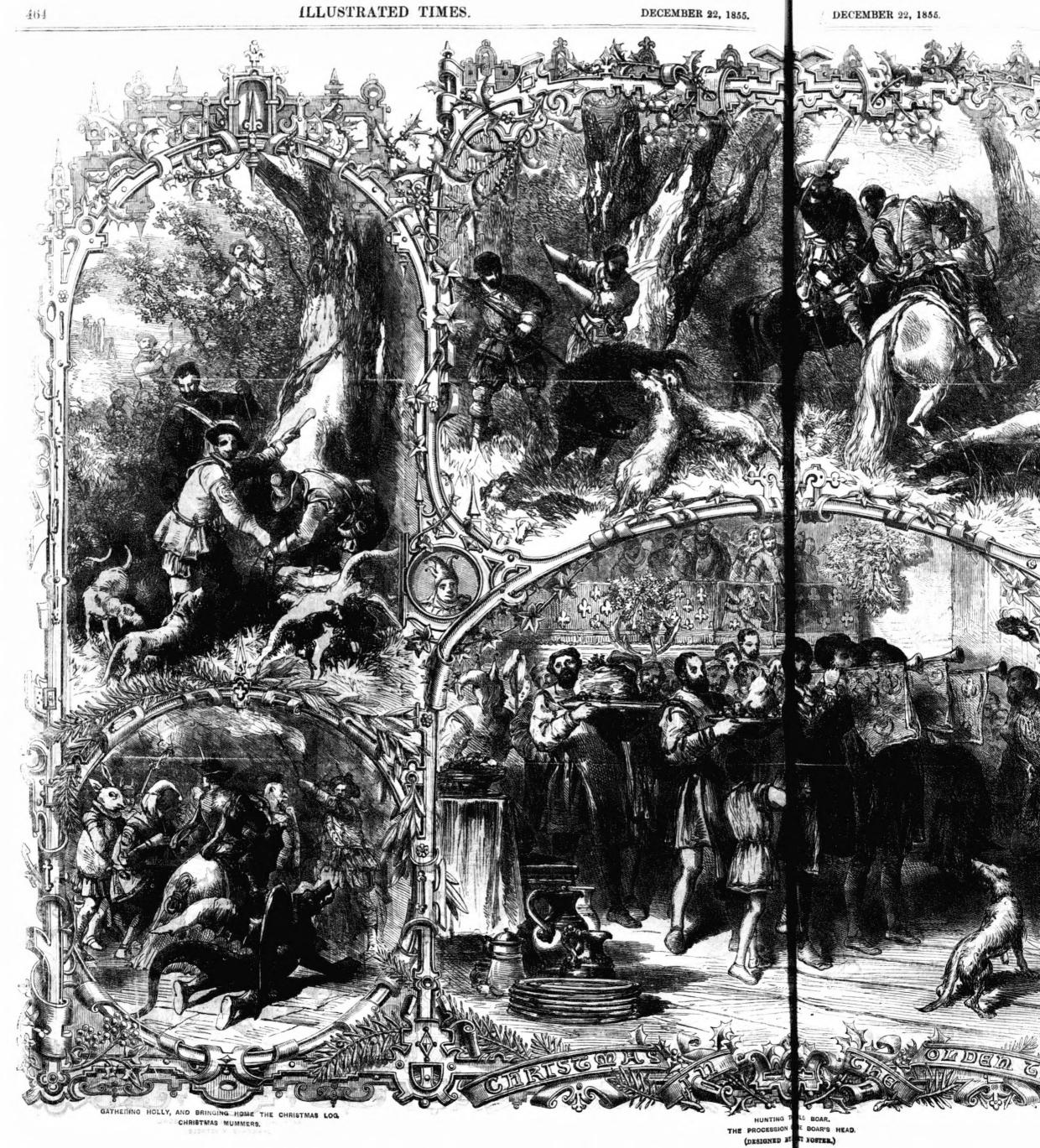
The Wischartac—Ans any doubt expressed with regard to your settlement?

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The Magistrate—On the board in the same summary manner.

The Magistrate—On the board in the same summary manner.

SIR C. CAMPBELL'S NATIVITY-PAISLEY V. GLASGOW,-The "Paisley SIR C. CAMPBELL'S NATIVITY—PAISLEY V. GLASGOW.—The "Paisley Journal" says:—"That 'Colin Campbell' spent his early days in Glasgow, and was educated in a seminary there, is not disputed, but the proof is by no means so clear that he was born in that city. Indeed, from information we have been at the pains of collecting, we think it extremely probable he was born at Paisley. There is a little one-storey house which stands at the entrance to the 'Highland Lane,' in which upwards of half a century ago, resided two ladies, Misses Campbell, from Islay. A sixter of theirs had married a person named M'Cleaver, who immigrated from the Highlands to Glasgow, to be nearer whom the sisters, on the death of their father, came to Paisley. This married sister often visited her maiden sisters in the Highland Lane; and it is alleged that in the little house referred to, she was delivered of her first-born child. That child was the great Sir Colin Campbell, who, as he grew up, dropped his surroame in favour of Campbell, to please his two aunts. There are persons still alive in Paisley who knew these Misses Campbell intimately, and remember 'Colin Campbell' as he came out to see them, a smart and gallant led and who can attest all we have said."





WE this week place before our readers a grand Christmas Double Numer, containing illustrations exhibiting Christmas in the most varied aspects. The articles describing the illustrations will be found in the

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MONTHLY PARTS.

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"the whote of the back Numbers of the "Hustrated Times" are kept on cale.

ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1855.

JOURNALS AND THE WAR.

We have all heard lately that our new General in the Crimea is exercising a very strict supervision over arrivals at Balaclava. There is a talk of putting down newspaper correspondents, now thatthraks to them-the country has been made sufficiently aware of the way in which things are done to insist on somewhat better management. Having (with some assistance from the French) taken Sebastopol, our governors are preparing to carry on business without any advice from the public at all. The time is well chosen; people are in better humour than they were a year ago, with an army perishing in the mud; and a pretext being forthcoming, those per ons of all classes and all motives, who hate journalism in the abstract, will be glad of the opportunity to strike a blow at it. The question which arises is one for journalists and the public to consider between them.

It is obvious that journalism more directly appeals to the public It is obvious that journalism more directly appeals to the public than any other profession. News is a necessity—not a luxury only, like the drama—though it is a luxury likewise. That there should be commentary with the news flowed from a blending of the pamphleteering element with the gazetteering one. All that it has gained, then journalism has gained for itself; it owes the State nothing but coercion; it owes Parliament nothing but exclusion. It would have been put down long ago, if it had been possible to put it down. But it was not possible; and this because it so concerned the public. It represents the public, and directs it, too, in a mixed action which it is impossible to calculate exactly; for it is impossible to say correctly how much any man who writes to the public owes to himself, rectly how much any man who writes to the public owes to himself, and how much to it. Only one thing is certain—that freedom of speech is as much the growth of English history as Parliament or the Church; that whatever be said of it abstractedly, it is here in England for better and worse; and that if it is wrong, the wrong of it does not belong to its mere exponents, the journals, but to the whole English people, whose character and history have formed it. English history has been a succession of the revolution of new powers, and this happens to be the one which is of latest growth, besides being of its nature a loud one. When, therefore, a modern peer complains of the increase of its power, he should remember that his body has had its increase too,—that from being a mere council of the Crown, he and his fellows have come to supersede it. And this though the Crown is a substantially ancient institution, while the House of Peers has been so modified, that, in four hundred years, it has changed its character altogether.

From the point of view of authority the Press, no doubt, is a disagreeable affair. Why should anonymous Higgibus freely print disagreeable affair. Why should anonymous Higgibus freely print a comment on Statesman or General? Higgibus is nobody! to be sure. And so is the statesman nobody, till his position or pedestal makes him somebody; and Higgibus' position—viz., his audience makes him somebody; and HIGGIBUS' position—viz., his andience—makes him somebody likewise. He has precisely the same right to it as the other man. The other man inherited his chance as an English potentate; HIGGIBUS inherited kis—his freedom to write, namely—as an English citizen. Privately, he is like any other private person; he has a right to make what he can by his gifts, like any other individual. His power is exercised through others: move them, and he can do something; without them, he can do nothing.

In fact, Hisgibus has a natural right to influence, while, in many

cases, the potentate has only a conventional one; besides, the public can use their own discretion about listening to Higgins, while the other man they must have, whether they like him or no—except in those rare cases where he gets past bearing, and has to be hooted out like Jund Jonn Bream.

out, like Lord John Russell.

The harm the journalist can do will depend on the state of the community. If mankind are asses at a given time (and many a man says so who ought only to be sure of one), why, that is not the journalist's fault. Everything you say against the "Times" tells against England.

So the power the journalist acquires is an exact expression of fact. A newspaper is strong, because something else that ought to be strong is weak. The "Times" leaders would not tell against Chatham's speeches, were he alive and speaking for himself: but, naturally, they tell against such miserable drivel as much of the "debates" is. You You

tell against such miserable drivel as much of the "debates" is. You cannot overcome natural power. On the whole, average "Times" leaders are better than average speeches and sermons; and, such being the case, what do you expect the result to be?

Apply these remarks to the special Crimean question. War, you say, requires this and that, and can't go on with newspapers. But all life has changed while newspapers have been growing, and we must see whether war and newspapers cannot be made compatible. Is it possible to have a writer or writers at the seat of war telling the public all that goes on?

Is it possible to have a writer or writers at the seat of war telling the public all that goes on?

The abstract right of the public to know, we suppose nobody doubts. Now, where is the special instance of injury done by the reports? We have never seen one established. But the good done can be estimated promptly enough. Had we not known last winter clearly what was going on, what would have been the state of things? All would, somehow, have reached the public in distorted, refracted, and awful shapes—not as narrative, but as rumour. Our alarm would have been far greater. If, on the other hand, the news had never come, the case would have been far worse. Little or nothing would have been done to alleviate the army's sufferings, and the army itself would have been without that cheering burst of applause and sympathy—those enthusiastic efforts to send help and kindness which instantly followed. Celebrity is the real pay of soldiers, and

celebrity no body of soldiers ever had in such a degree before. struggle was ever so accurately watched by so large a portion of the human race as the siege of Schastopol. If a soldier or a statesman human race as the sieze of Schastopol. If a soldier or a statesman cannot stand publicity and criticism, he cannot stand the century—he must "fight for antiquity," to borrow Charles Lambe's fauciful joke. But the really great men of past times would have been great now. Do you think you could have written down old OLIVER? No writer would try it—dare try it—against such a man; he has no interest in doing so. As a mere writer, he is as much successful by writing good panegyrie as by writing good criticism. It is our mawkish modern cant which makes us forget that opposition is one test of character, and that a man who cannot stand opposition is not fit for life, and still less for high command.

fit for life, and still less for high command.

We hear a great deal of the violence of the Press in its treatment of our Generals. Certainly the "Times" spoke harshly enough of of our Generals. Certainly the "Times" spoke harshly enough of Lord Raglan: but when ten thousand stout fellows are sinking into shameful graves, it is not the time for mealy-mouthed tenderness. Does the reader know that the journals of thirty years since were far more violent than the present ones? Let him turn over a file of the "Lebu Rall" and induction thirds.

"John Bull," and judge for himself.

The public should consider what kind of government they are likely to have if they permit the open censure of public opinion to be taken from any one branch of the public service. It is no easy matter to keep our "struldbrugs" awake as it is; but let them work on unchecked, and we shall see such results as will astonish us—

Of course, the press has its blunders and errors; like other insti-

Of course, the press has its blunders and errors, like other institutions; but even if you call it an evil, it is a necessary evil. It is strong because other institutions are weak. To the statesmen who sneer at it, we answer, it is good enough for you. We have arrived at such times as make us clutch at every kind of assistance: and though our press would be a nuisance if it embarrassed a Cromwell, it is a blessing when it sits in judgment on fellows scarcely worthy to grease old Oliver's jack-boots.

However, the question whether correspondents shall be excluded from the Crimea is one for the public. If they choose to submit to the deprivation—not only a matter of injury to them politically, but an annoyance, as cutting off much intellectual enjoyment—why, who is to gainsay them? Perhaps they are too lazy to interfere with vigour. Well. The Sybarites of antiquity killed all their cocks to prevent them waking them in the morning—and the doom of that commonwealth was not enviable!

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

Lewes War Prison.—The order for the exclusion of visitors from the prison, consequent on the disorderly conduct of the Finnish soldiers about a month since, has been rescinded, and strangers are again admitted. The prisoners, encouraged by this improvement in their affairs, are once more busily engaged in the manufacture of toys, in which they have wonderfully improved during their incarceration, and they now produce workboxes, watch-stands, and various other useful and ornamental articles, carving them out of pieces of deal with large class knives, which are so sharp that they frequently shave themselves with them. The demand for their toys is still very brisk, and large parties from Brighton arrive by train or in private carriages daily, much to the benefit of the hotel-keeper, confectioners and others of the town. During the Brighton season the trailic between that town and Lewes on certain days is three times as much as it was previous to the establishment of the prison.

Patal Expression or Guyrowier at COSELEX—A frightful catastrophe

the hotel-keeper, confectioners and others of the town. During the Brighton season the tradic between that town and Lewes on certain days is three times as much as it was previous to the establishment of the prison.

Fatal Explosion of Gundower at Coselex.—A frightful catastrophe occurred on Friday, last week, at Coseley, hear Sedgley, in South Staffordshire, which has already occasioned the death of four persons, and injured several others, some of whom are not expected to recover, in addition to destroying a considerable amount of property. It is ensomary in the mining districts of Staffordshire for the overseers of pits, either of iron, stone, or coal, and who are technically called "butties," to keep in their possession large quantities of blasting gunpowder, which is not unfrequently kept in places far from secure, and is used with a guilty want of caution. The following catastrophe is one of the results, it is feared, of this reprehensible practice. The immediate scene of the disaster was a block of three small houses situated at the Coppiec, on the road from Sedgley to the Deepfields Station, on the Stour Valley branch of the London and North-Western Railway. These houses were occupied respectively by an old woman, named Elizabeth Jackson, and her daughter; by David Millard, a butty collier, with a wife and four children; and by John Caddick, a bricklayer, his wife and mother. On the morning of Friday, David Millard, who occupied the middle house of the three, went to work at a colliery at Priorichia, and was preceded by two of his brothers-in-law, and a son, aged 12, named Joseph. After they had been at work about two hours, a boy of nine years, named Thomas Lear, and who worked for David Millard, was sent back to the house of the latter to procure a quantity of gunpowder from a stock that was kept in the cellar. The gunpowder was given to the boy by Millard's wife (since dead); and a second lad, named Samuel Millard, was afterwards despatched from the pit to fetch horse corn. These two boys are said to

This he admits, but rdds that in the barrel there was on Friday only a small quantity. A fourth house is considerably injured; but the three destroyed are now as level with the ground as if they had been duly taken down.

EXTENSIVE ROBBERY OF JEWELLERY AT PORTSMOUTH.—A very extensive and daring robbery of jewellery was effected on Sunday morning last at Messrs. E. and E. Emanuel's shop on the Hard, Portsea, by which property valued at 23,000 was lost. On effecting an entrance into the shop the burghars ascended to the upper storey of the store, and making a hole in the roof, got through it, and from the top of it made a hole in the adjoining roof—that of Messrs. Emanuel's workshop—descended through this hole by means of a rope, and forcing open the workshop door, went down into the yard by means of the stairs, having at the bottom another well-secured door to break open. By the aid of a jeanny the kitchen window opening into the yard was forced open, and, walking through the kitchen into the lobby of the house, they entered the front shop. The work of plunder was carried out with the observance of order—very little displacement of property was made. The only signs of robbery were a heap of morocco leather cases lying about, from which their contents had been taken. These consisted of valuable brooches, diamond bracelets, and rings, &c.; whilst from the window had been taken the whole, and a large number too, of the gold watch chains that were hanging up. The burglars appear to have confide themselves to articles of small bulk, whilst they evidently brought to bear considerable professional knewledge of those possessing the greatest value. Thousands of pounds worth of plate, gold watches, valuable chronometers, &c., lay about in glass-cases, but these were left. With regard to these, considerable care appears, indeed, to have been used to avoid doing them any damage. Only one watch, a valuable gold one, having an enamelted likeness of the late Duke of Wellington on the case, a work of great faish and beauty, was

THE LATE MISS HINDS'S ASSASSIN.—It was stated some time since that a THE LATE MISS HINDS'S ASSASSIN.—It was stated some time since that a man, who gave what was considered to be a fictitious name, was arrested by head-constable Madders, on suspicion of being one of the parties concerned in the assassination of Miss Charlotte Hinds, in the county of Cavan. The individual still remains in custody, and some particulars have been recently ascertained to strengthen the suspicions entertained against him. At this stage it would not, perhaps, be prudent to disclose more of the circumstances connected with the affair.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

Mn. Roofes, the Poer, died on Tuesday morning, at his house in St. James's Place, in the presence of Dr. Beattle and Mr. E. Paine, his attenuant.

Sig Hamilton Sermous, the English Ambassador at Vienna, dined with Count Bool. Dec. 8, and on the 16th with Prince Mcholas Laterhary, on engagement which has caused some surprise at Vienna, as the Prince is a known

artisan of Russia.

THE FEES OF THE DEVENDANT'S COUNSEL in the slow-poisoning case at ardon—of which we last week gave full particulars, were, for Serjeant Wilkins, O guineas; Mr. Overend, 100 guineas; and Mr. Laurie, 50 guineas.

Cardinal Wiseman has contradicted the report of his appointment as Libertan of the Vatien.

nam of the Vatican.

M. Manin, ex-President of the Republic of Venice, has lately addressed a efter to the French papers calling upon them to express themselves in favour of takinn unity and independence, as the people of Italy unjustly believe that france and England by reason of petty rivalries are hostile to Italian unity.

Banon de Bouille, formerly page to Louis XVI, and Knight of the Order of it. Louis, has just died at Rouen, at the age of 89.

t Louis, has just died at Rouen, at the age of 89.

4.500 MULES have lately been brought to Piedmont, for the British Government; and of these, 3,000 have aiready been shipped to the Crimea.

THE QUEEN has conferred the appointment of military knight of Windsor pon Captain Loggan, late of the 7th Fasikeers.

THE DIRECTORS of the Bank of London have purchased the premises adjoing their branch establishment at Charing Cross, in order to need the requirements of their business.

upon Captain Loggan, late of the 7th Fusileers.

The Derectors of the Bank of London have purchased the premises adjoining their branch establishment at Charing Cross, in order to need the requirements of their business.

About 100 of the Royal Aberdeenshire Militia have volunteered into the Line.

NAPOLEON'S TOMB, in the Hotel des Invalides, is now to be only open on Mondays to the public, and on Thursdays to foreigners, with passports; and on both days from twelve to three.

Loed Sandon, a youth of twenty-four, and son of the Earl of Harrowby, has been appointed Private Secretary to the New Colonial Minister.

Jenny Lind is engaged to sing at Liverpool, on the 4th and 7th of January. The Earl of Locan has been appointed Colonel of the 8th Hussars.

Mr. Wood, Chairman of the Inland Revenue Board, has offered as a price to be competed for in the Huddersfield Mechanics' Institution, a situation in the Inland Revenue, which the Chairman will hold himself ready to provide yearly.

General Williams has been maned 'Mushir,' or full general in the Turkich service, and honoured with the Mejide of the first class.

Peter Shiffl, of the 10th Foot, has been tried by court-martial, at Chatham, for pawning his medal, &c.; and Private Five rold of the Sith, for making away with his regimental necessaries, and both found gailly.

The King of Sardinia was absent from his kingdom evactly three weeks.

Count Williamsky, who before the war was Secretary to the Russian Embassy in London, and who was lately sent into the Crimen by the Empress of Russia, to distribute gifts of money, &c., to the wounded, has just died of Simpheropol, from typhus fever.

The Bashi-Bazours have nearly caused a revolution at Adrianople, having carried of some Turkish women, insulted others in the streets and in private houses, which they have entered by main force, illtreated some of the French soldiers, and wounded several of their own English ofleers.

Lord Fernington, Sir John Shelley, and Mr. Roebuck, have been named as candidates for the Chairmac

will be closed on Monday, the 24th, so as to give three clear Christmas holidays to those in their employ.

Some French Captralists have offered to construct 1,500 miles of radway in Spain, taking national property as a guarantee.

Dr. Edouard Verset, the author of a work suititled "The History of the Petty German Courts," has just been arrested at Berlin, and the work has been

DR. EDOUARD VERSE, the author of a work suithful "The History of the Petty German Courts," has just been arrested at Berlin, and the work has been seized.

The Pearl Button trade at Birmingham has revived, owing to the increased as of that article in the ornamentation of ladies' dresses.

Lady Cochrane, wife of Vice-Admiral Sir T. Cochrane, commander-in-chief at Portsmouth, has recrived a magnificent present from the King of Sardma, consisting of a lara of diamonds exquisitely relieved.

Madame Monnten, sister of Marshal Ney, and willow of the late Receiver-General of the Mentile, has just expired at Nancy, at the age of St.

The Caar, on seeing the ruins of Schastopol, is said to have shed tears abundantly, and exclaimed, "Peace is now impossible!"

The Great Christmas Metropolitan Cattle Market, was held at Copenhagen Fields, on Monday morning, when there was a large display of fat stock.

The Oppury High Stewardship of the University of Cambridge, which has become vacant by the death of Mr. John Cowling, barrister-at-law, is, it is said, to be conferred upon Mr. John George Shaw Lefevere, of Trinity College, Assistant-Clerk of the Parliaments, and younger brother of the Speaker of the House of Commons.

MDLLE, Rachell, of whom we gave a portrait in No. X., is reported to have died at Philadelphia, on the 7th ulto., of inflammation in the chest, brought on by fatigue and extreme coid.

A Father and two children, named Parlridge, residing at Belladon, Leicester, were on Sunday last poisoned, by the pudding which they had for diamer, and are in extreme peril.

Dr. Vaughan's case, which stood for trial at the Central Criminal Court, has been removed by certiorari into the Court of Queen's Beach.

Lady Margaret De Burgh, daughter of the Marquis of Clanricarde, is about to form a matrimonial alliance with Mr. Beaumont, M.P. for South Northumberland.

M. Jullier, having brought his concerts at Covent Garden to a close on

Northumberland.

M. JULLIEN, having brought his concerts at Covent Garden to a close on Saturday evening last, had a grand Bal Masqué on Monday night, which went off merrily, as usual, and attracted crowds of gaily dressed masqueraders and more soberly attired spectators.

General Kovalevski, the Russian commander, has died at St. Petersburg from the effect of the wounds he received at the assault upon Kars.

The Emperon of the French has received a letter from the President of the Republic of Costa Rica, congratulating his Majesty on the taking of Sebstopol.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, who arrived last week at Clumber, has, we believe, been offered the Garter vacant by the death of the late Duke of Somerset.

M. Yaldes, Charge d'Affaires of Portugal at Copenhagen, suddenly disappeared on the very day he had been a guest at the dinner given by the Court in honour of General Caarobert's arrival; and his body has been found in one of the canals of the city.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN has conferred the Grand Cross of St. Ferdinand upon Marshal Pelissier.

Marshal Pelissier.

THE VICEROY OF EGYPT, desiring to relieve the wounded, the orphans, and the widows of the French army in the Crimea, has offered to the French Government the whole of the rich and curious articles sent by Egypt to the Paris

Exposition.

GENERAL CANROBERT, when at Kiel, is said to have held a serious consultation with Admirals Penaud and Dundas, with reference to the combined operations of the fleet and land forces in the Baltic next year.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND, by an Order in Council, has been empowered to issue additional notes to the amount of £475,000, according to the act of 1844.

AN EQUESTRIAN Statue of Napoleon the First is about to be erected at Cherbourg, facing the sea.

THE HOUSE OF HOPE, is stated to be the banking firm which has lately concluded a loan with Russia—Mr. Hope being a resident in Paris, and, some say, a naturalised Englishman.

naturaised engissiman.

The Algiers Journals announce the death of Ahmed Bacha Zornadji, aged 107, formerly musician to the last Bey.

THE ALGERIS JOURNALS announce the death of Ahmed Bacha Zornadji, aged 107, formerly musician to the last Bey.

ACCOUNTS from the Crimea assert that next spring the English army will be divided into two corps d'armée, one of which is to be commanded by Sir Colin Campbell, and the other by General Eyre.

THE HAMLEON and Toronto line of the Great Western Railway of Canada, was successfully opened for traffic on the 3rd inst.

THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT are obtaining large supplies of Minié rifles from Liege, and causing others to be made at their factories at Tula, on the model of some taken from the French before Schastopol.

THE COLOGNE GAZETTE, mentions that a large fire had broken out at the military settlements, from which the cavalry have just been drawn; and that vast stores collected by the troopers for men and horses have been destroyed.

THE GRENADIER GYAEDS, who have during the last three months been stationed at the camp at Aldershot, have just quitted the camp, and have been quartered at Windsor, the Tower, and at Portman Street barracks.

THE HON. ME. BYNG has been appointed the Chairman of the Board of Directors of the South-Eastern Railway.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT have taken steps, at the suggestion of the Em-

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT have taken steps, at the suggestion of the Emeror, for improving the breed of horses for the army, by means of introducing nore freely Arab blood amongst the horses of the French regiments.

THE CASE of Nash v. Lord Ernest Vane, was tried before the Court of Queen's Beach on Tuesday last, when the jury returned a verdict for the plaintift—damages £25.

Literature.

The Balle Chief. By CAPTAIN MATNE REID. 3 Yele. D. Bogue.

The White Cites. By Cartain Mayne Reid. 3 Volc. D. Bogue.
Cartain Reid has, for years, been well known as one of the most encessful writers of that peculiar style of romance, declarations. If the "available thaters," have enjoyed no small new menor predictly went the revining public of this country. On the other side of the Atlantic thay ferhaps, won still higher favour; and thear treaslations in Paris civilied, rether nathor, from the critics of the French cyli. I, the prate of boing a great artist." The statement that the novelus, had stored his precents, which were the results of his own experience, had no meoriable effect in giving interest to his works, and in impressing readers with a belief that his own romantic exploits and experiences of Prairie ble, were largely interwoven in his nuradioses; and we male than that coatain Reid's career has been hardly less alrenturous threat to as of his was herees, that he had enjoyed the wild freedom of the Beckness, and corrected recorrageous part in some of the most stirring somes of the Messian war.

Such being the author, and such the man, we were, of course, considering their subject, prepared to find the volumes before us replete with passages useressing in themselves, and illustrative of that wild life of level succeeding the course of the messian replete with passages and succeeding the his respect, we have entainly been in no continued as the well; and, in this respect, we have entainly been in no continued for the messian declaration of the author of the waying this, guard correctors, and that we are at no low to conceive the cartae. When Sheridan delayed writing another councly, it was understood that he could in awe of the author of the waying this, guard correctors in the author of the respect with this "began of Northern Mexico," being a lattle borne down by the popular celebraty he had acquired as the author of "Rice Raccers" and "Scalp Hunters." Besides, on toward consider as a cool deal more analysis, it is then test consider the influence of the mer

That i they diey of San Helefonen. Wild though it appears, it was once the abode or call and man. Next its matter you may note unit, any other new outlined over the ground. But for the trees and and, wend that cover the a much there by hid the runs of a esty. Yes! on that spot one stood a foam, larger and proceeds. There was 7 sudo with me flag of Sagar this refer and hidden.

that specione stood of loan, large and proceeds. There we included a few distances of the Jean dying from a both a constant from why a of the Jean Patrice; and dwell reset reliminars and there is the radicy for down and below. A long to the remained and all the prisones or love and hale, subtition, a consection and all the prisones or love and hale, subtition, a consection and receive there. The hearts started by them are sort; a meecold, and of which they gave birth are not derivated by the man pen. They results that sound more bre remained from real nations.

One century ago, from the converse illerent the and villages where llares – where var of these

M. Cornert Bad o

It is the day of Sin Jurus, and the inhabituits, of all classes, are under the amplices of Vizcarra, Connacte of the Presido, and Captain Robido, his accord in command, a die of the Presido, and Captain Robido, his accord in command, a die of the Presido, and Captain Robido, his according to command, a die of the Presido, and Captain Robido, his according to the hull," when their attention is of according to young than, of twenty or thereaboats, with lepit, carling hair, a trier complexion, of exceed in full anchero co-classe, with its rich brody y and trapping was, mounted on a large coal-black steed, is triumpland over all competitors. This norm, who is of American origin, being twit of by the Commandante and the Captain, is unduced to wager that hown's perform no less astonishing an equestrian feat, thru checking his noide steed at full sallop, in the brow of a high and precipitous chiff. This gaves occasion to one of these scenes, with which Captain Reid is wont to gratify the interest of excitement, not, we cannot help thinking, without some slight sacrefice of protability.

Having satisfied himself that all was right, he gathered up the reins, and

"Having satisfied himsen that an was argue, the chief, and within a rew feet of seed. This was to start the nerves both of himself and the animal. Presently the wast became to do and then a gentle cauter. Then the was an exhibition terrial to behold. To those regarding it from below it was a beautiful

sently the wak became with and men agreement was a beautiful atterrible spectacle.

After a while, he headed back towards to plain, and then stretching into a gality—the gast in which he intended to approach the thir—he suddenly not up again, so as throw his horse menty on his flants. Again he remained same gality, and again reduce up and this manucaure he repeated at least a sen times, now with his horse's had turn a towards the chis, and now in a direction of the plain.

"At length he was seen to turn his horse toward the cliff, and take his firmest it in the suddle. The determined glance of his eyes showed that the moment decome for the final trial.

"A slight touch of the spur set the noble brute in notion, and in another good he was in full gallop, and heading directly for the cliff!

The gaze of all was fixed with intense camestness up on that reckles; horse-in. Every heart heaved with chotion; and, beyond their quick breathing, tan utterance escaped from the accisions. The only sounds heard were the of-strokes of the large as they ran back from the hard tart of the plain.

The suspense was of short a form the kard tart of the plain.

The suspense was of short a form the kard tart of the plain.

The suspense was of short a form the kard tart of the plain.

"The suspense was of short a form the kard tart of the plain."

"The beginn the before he had crossed the Line wound only be a failure.

"Another leap,—another,—yet mother! Ho! he is inside—Great God! He like over!"

Another leap,—another,—yet another? Ho! no is make—oreal cook? Income the over!
Such exclamations rose from the specialors as they saw the horseman cross such exclamations rose from the next moment a loud cheer broke from both was, and the 'tivas' of those in the set in the valley were answered by similar at strom those who witness a the leaf, non-love.
Just as the horse appear a distant to sprane over the borish brink, the reins observed another and in the fore-need section fixed and spraned, and his ref the noble animal, used upon the plan. He was possed at scarce trusted haright hand, listed his sombrero, and after waving tround, resent to be sheed.

celd to he head. A substantial plant of the horse and rater were itself as they drew up on the classed the imposing and graceful attitude fully developed against the blue back-ground of the sky. The arms, the still coval outlines of the steed, even the very trappings, could be seen distiption of the short period in which they were passed and motionless, the case mught have fascied on equestion status of broaze, its pedestal the pintoit be claff.

This period was but of a moment's duration, but, during its continuance, the loud 'vivas' peaked upon the air. Those looking from below saw the horse-tain suddenly wheel, and disappear beyond the brow-time of the blaff."

This Carlos, a cibolero or buffalo-hunter, is the hero of the blaff."

This Carlos, a cibolero or buffalo-hunter, is the hero of this romance; and a wonderful fellow he proves, both in love and war. Notwithstanding his poverty and obscurity, both dreadful crimes in the eyes of the fair sex, as so many have found to their mortification, Carlos has the fortune to captivate the heart of a lovely Mexican damsel, Catalina de Cruces, daughter of a miner of boundless wealth, and the acknowledged bellé of the place; and while on a hunting and trading expedition, he kills in battle, a warrior

among the Pan' I lians, and thus gets into such favour with the Wacoes,

among the Pané I. Jians, and thus rets into such favour with the wacoes, a testile tribe, that the latter elect hom as their chief.

The coarse of true love, however, seldom runs smooth: and Carlos did not trivilence at this particular than other people. The hand of the coarse in this particular than other people. The hand of the coarse in this particular than other people. The hand of the coarse in the coarse of the badfalos-hunter, arouses that officer's coarse. Mane acr, to make matters worse, the Commandante in the reverse of motion able; and the two conspire to effect the ruin and dister. The Commandante and his subordinate are the fory, and we must say that, whether or not painted from hims crough in all coarseience.

The reverse of more other, and the two conspire to effect the ruin said sixter. The Commandante and his subordinate are the fory, and we must say that, whether or not painted from these enough in all conscience.

es to pass, that, while Carlos is absent on his expedition in in, these military personages cause his mother and sister to that treated with horrid brutality; and the citolero on resiscovering what had occurred, resolves upon a terrible venterme. With this view, he makes his way to the Presidio, wounds the Commandante, with this view, he makes his way to the Presidio, wounds the Commandante, with this view, he makes his way to the Presidio, wounds the Commandante, with the risk of his neck, takes to the wilds, the woods, and the rocks. Coming into the town of Sun Ildefonso, to hold an interview with Catalina, he is surrounded by soldiers. The lovers are, of course, in a dread, in "fex;" and the hero makes one of those "breathless scapes," with which Catalina Beid loves so well to indulge the credulous. Being afterwards, however, in spate of all his skill, courage, and ingenuity, betrayed and taken, he centrives by a dexterous stratagem, to regain his liberty; and carrying with him the devote? Catalina, his sister, and, not his aged mother, but her mortal remains, disappears from the settlement of Sun Ildefonso. No trace of the fugatives can be discovered, but Carlos has often been liceral to express his intention of crossing over to the country of the Americans: it is most likely be has gone thinner—most likely to settle on the banks of the Mississup.

Time rolls on; it is antumn; and the moon alines with silvery lustre upon the wild plains of the Llano Estacado. A long line of dark forms are towing from 1 set of West, across the plain. They are in single file—the match of each horse close to the croup of the one preceding. Simoothly was strilly they glids on.

There is no chinking of bits, no jingling of the strill prown near, note that war-trait, with a "Winte Chief" at their head, and he, none other

the hour after midnight. The moon has been down for some time; and clouds, that for a while had reflected her light, have been grang darker. Objects can no longer be distinguished at the distance of the hugo pile of the Presidio, touring against the leaden sky, und gloomy. The sentinel cannot be seen upon the turrets, but at small voice a terming the 'Continues alerte!' tells that he is at his

A hanthorn burns by the sentinet. Its light, radiating to some distance, is not stard him—he sees them not!
A rushing notice at length reaches his ear. The 'quien viva?' is upon his is but he invanot to utter the words. Half-a-dozen bow-strings twang simulation and an many arrows harry themselves in his flesh. His heart is almost without uttering a groun!

The guard by hand upon their weapons!

Cry of the Wasses peals out in circust, and the hundreds she has a torrent through the signan.

puto. The doors of the 'cultus' are besigned—soldiers, a room faith in this radiate, and fell under the approach.

cry of the Wasses peaks out in cirnest, and the hundreds th lik. a torrent through the signan.

patio. The doors of the 'cu artos' are besieged—soldiers, a come faith in their shirts, and fall under the spears of Carbines and pistols crack on all a log but those who ad them.

Gubines and pistols crack on all a log but those who ad them.

Gubines and pistols crack on all a log but those who ad them.

Gubines and pistols crack on all a log but those who all them as early of his followers—the chashing of tunber, as doors were broken though or forced from their hinges—the clashing of swords and spears, and the quies of soldier-enters are destroyed. Every 'cuario' has been cleared of its inmates, who lie is bleeding heaps over the pitio, and by the doors. No quarter has been given. All have been killed in the spot.

"No—not all. There are two who survive—two whose hives have been spared. Vizeura and Roblado yet live!

These of wood are now heaped against the timber posterns of the building, and set on the . Volumes of smoke roll to the sky, mingling with sheets of red dams. The huge pine-beams of the azotea catch the blaze, burn, crackle, and ill inwards, and in a short while the Presido becomes a mass of smoking runs' "lat the red warriors have not waited for this. The revenge of their leader is not yet complete. It is not to the soldiers alone that he owes vengeance. He has swore it to the citizens as well. The whole settlement is to be destroyed!

"And well this oath was kept, for before the sun rose San Hilefones were in

d! and well this oath was kept, for before the sun rose San Ildefonse was in . The arrow, and the spear, and the tomahawk, did their work; and comen, and children, perished in hundreds under the blazing roofs of their

women, and einteren, perisined in manufest united to tell of that harrid is at the exception of the Tazno Indians, few survived to tell of that harrid iere. A few wintes only—the uninopy father of Catalina among the -were permitted to escape, and carry their briken fortunes to another

int of Sam Idefonso—town, Presidio, mission, haciendas, and ranchos—in short space of twelve hours had ceased to exist. The dwellers of that lovely y were no more!

his short space of twelve hours had ceased to exist. The dwellers of that lovely alley were no more!

"The setting sun saw that long line of Indian warriors filing from the valley, and heading for the plain of the Llano Estacado. But they went not as they had ome. They returned to their country laden with the plander of San lidefonso—to them the legitimate spoils of war.

"The exbelore still rode at their head, and Don Juan the ranchero was by his ide. The fearful scenes through which they had just passed, shadowed the rows of both; but these shades a became lighter as they dwelt on the prospect effore them. Each looked forward to a happy greeting at the end of his journey. "Carlos did not remain long maning his Indian friends. Loaded with the reasure they had promised, he preceded further east, and established a plantaion upon the Red Bayer of Louisiana. Here, in the company of his beautiful vite, his sister, and some of his old servants, he led in after years a life of peace and prosperity.

and prosperity.

"Now and then he made hunting excursions into the country of his old friends the Wacces—who were ever glad to see him again, and still bailed him as their

We regret, exceedingly, that we can only present so meagre a sketch and We regret, exceedingly, that we can only present so meagre a sketch and faintan outline of this extraordinary work of romance. The book, however, will well repay perusal—being as the reader will find, full of terrible perils, desperade encounters, dire catastrophies, and stern reprisals. The style is, on the whole, captivating; and the interest seldom flags. Few, especially those who read for excitement, can fail to find there what they seek. Indeed, the art with which the dashing author arrests the attention, and the rapidity with which he boldly carries us through his varying scenes, are all but unrivaled. There is if we remember aright an explanation in one of rapiatry with which has bondy earness us intrough his varying scenes, are all but unrivalled. There is, if we remember aright, an exclamation in one of Gray's Letters, "Be mine to read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crebillon!" And we have little doubt that many will utter a similar aspiration in regard to those of Captain Mayne Reid, on closing the third volume of his "White Cleic."

The Ere of St. Agnes. By John Kears. Illustrated by Edward H. Weinseger. Published, for Joseph Cundall, by Sampson Low and Son, 47, Ludgate Hill.

47, Indigate Hill.

This is an edition of Keats's beautifully elaborated trifle. Printed on paper you are afraid to touch without white kid gloves, bound in a massive ultramartiae cover, with gilt edges, and illustrated with twenty drawners, by E. H. Wehnert, that are the very perfection of woodcutting. We like these editions de luxes of the works of great authors. We confess to an idolatrous weakness in favour of decorating our favourite literary shrines in the most sumptuous manner possible. We should like to possess a folio "Shakspeare," bound in gold with jewelled clasps. We

would have our "Byron" in Tyrian velvet and rubies, if we could afford it. (We fear it is rather passe to swear by Byron, but somehow we do, in spate of the advanced age we hive in.) Nothing would please us better than to encare Messrs. Hunt, Millais, Leech, and Richard Doyle (the two former for the High, the two latter for the Low Art departments), to illuminate on veilum a manuscript "Chancer." We like to give a good picture a splendid frame; we like to see "Hamlet" got up wholly regardless of expense as to seenery, dresses, and appointments, and embracing the whole strength of the best available company. But then, in the first place, it is necessary to secure a good Hamlet, or the performance suffers.

Mr. Welnert is not a very good Hamlet; on the contrary, we are bound to pronounce him a "bit of a stick." The stage-managership, therefore, of Mr. Joseph Cundall, the excellent performance of Messrs. Harral, Bolton, and Cooper, the engravers (Horatio, Rosencrantz, und Guidenstern, let us call them); the spotless and unimpeachable foppery of Mr. Clay, the printer (who may be looked on as Osrie), are, to a great extent, thrown away in the present production. The "properties" are splendid, the costumes are faultilessly correct—every minor department is filled in the strictest proportionate justice to the excellence of the drama; but, we repeat, that the "leading tragedian" is queer.

Mr. Welmert has been long known as one of the most prolific contributors to our water-colour exhibitions. A severe course of academiced study has enabled him to draw boldly; he has a good eye for colour, and a certain largeness of character has led to his triumphing over the difficulties of his favourate material—so far even as to earn him a reputation for having developed and extended the resources of water-colour painting as a means of art. Mr. Wehnert is, in short, an excellent painter of water-colour pictures; but a water-colour the intrinsic germ which makes art precious. We know no more efficient test of an artist's innermost p

and the world's valuation, and selected him as the most fitting man to illustrate the founder of all modern mystic and fanciful poetry—John Keats.

A greater mistake could not have been committed. Mr. Wehnert is about as fit to illustrate Keats as Mr. Braid or Mr. William Farren (junior) is to play Hamlet. Wehnert is marvellously correct in costume and locality (as Braid or Farren might be in parallel matters, with the assistance of the costumier and stage manager); but the author's meaning does not reach him. His "Beadsman" is attired unquestionably in the dress of the monastic order to which he may be supposed to belong; but that Beadsman's face and character are stark naught. Madeline is scrupulously medicaval, and the details of the glass window at which she is praying might satisfy even the archaeological exigencies of Ruskin himself; but the Madeline is more like Weimert's cook-maid than Keats's Virgin. The moonlit corridor (page 14) through which old Angela is leading young Porphyro is faultless as to architecture, perspective, and chiavo scure, but, in the preceding page, the costume and context alone enable you to discover whether the said Angela is a young man or an old woman. The gallant Porphyro himself is represented throughout with the countenance of an itinerant Jew tradesman in the lead-pencil line, and with the bulk and bearing of a prizeighter.

These volent exceptions to a work undertaken with so obviously laudable aspirit may seem invidious—they are actuated by the purest feeling of justice. We detest those frail and spurious reputations which the corrupt state of modern criticism have called into existence, so highly detrimental to the real interests of art. We honour and revere Keats, as a loving, love-inspiring poet; we respect Mr. Cundall, as a patron and promulgator of art; and we respect (as we have already indicated) Mr. Wehnert as an artist, in his peculiar sphere. But Mr. Wehnert knows no more about Keats than the man in the moon; and Mr. Cundall, by employing him to illustrate Keat

The Guards and the Line.—A memorial from the Colonels and Licutenant-Colonels of the Brigade of Guards has been presented to the Queen, submitting for her Majesty's consideration the following proposals:—"I. That the Captains and Licutenant-Colonels of the Guards, exacting as such on the 20th of June, 1854, should receive their rank of Colonel on completion of three years' service as Captains and Licutenant-Colonels; and, 2. That the period of service after which it would be equitable to grant the rank of Colonel to the Captains and Licutenant-Colonels who have attained that rank subsequently to the 20th of June, 1854, should be reconsidered, with the view of giving them an equal chance in the race of promotion with the Line." In the lengthened memorial which accompanies these proposals, the memorialists undertake to prove to her Majesty that the average service in the Line of an officer before he obtains the rank of Licutenant-Colonel is 22 years and 2 months, while the average service of an Acting Major or Mounted Officer in the Guards is 24 years and 11 months—so that the Guards are two years longer in arriving at the starting point for Generals than the Licutenant-Colonels of the Line; and, discarding those Licutenant-Colonels who obtained their commissions without purchase (a purely arbitrary elimination), the difference is three years and four months against the Guards and in favour of the Line. The document in question bears date the 17th of August, and is subscribed by Prince Albert, Lord Strafford, the Duke of Cambridge, and Colonels Wood, Upton, and Moncrieffe. The "Times" in concluding an article on the Memorial, says—" Let the Guards take their turn in the Antilles, in India, in Ceylon, and they will probably find that a Mounted Officer is no longer two years more in obtaining his rank than a Licutenant-Colonel in the Line, and that the slowness of promotion, of which Prince Albert and the Duke of Cambridge so pathetically complain, and of which they are such melancholy instances, has been effectual

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL AND THE REPRESENTATION OF GLASGOW.—
This distinguished officer having been applied to by a number of the citizens of Glasgow, to allow himself to be nominated for the representation in the event of a dissolution of Parliament, wrote:—"I intend leaving this country for my post in the Crimea in a few days; but I am most deeply sensible of the high honour contemplated by the gentlemen whose sentime: ts you represent, which I request you will express to them. At the same time I would add that, as from the age of fifteen I have devoted my best energies to the profession of a soldier, I have had no time to give to the consideration of those subjects in which the prosperity of so great a commercial city as Glasgow is concerned. I therefore feel that I could not do justice to the position which I might obtain through the good opinion of its electors, and I therefore purpose, as long as it pleases the Almighty to give me health and strength, to persevere in a profession to which I am ardently attached and devoted." The baggage and camp requirements of this distinguished man left on Tuesday for the Crimea. Sir Colin follows almost immediately.

MR. THACKERAY IN AMERICA.—There is a good story told of Thackeray, in America, whose icctures, however highly they may be paid for, are not setting the Hudson on fire. The day after he arrived in New York, he said, in the afternoon, to an acquaintance, "A Mr. Astor has called on me, and left his card; do you know anything about him?" The New York papers are indignant at this (and, really, Mr. Astor's is the name of a world-wide capitalist). They ask, what would be said of the ignorance of an American lecturer who should inquire, in London, "I had a visit to-day from a Mr. Rothschild; do you know anything about him?" However, there is a difference between an Astor and a Rothschild.—London Correspondent of the "Manchester Advertiser."





THE SOLDIER'S RETURN ON CHRISTMAS EVE .- (DESIGNED PE GESTAVE JAMET.)





MONEY OPERATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Must foreign bonds have been tolerably firm. Brandian per cants. 99‡; datto, small, 99; datto, 4! per cents. 42 div.; Mancan, 3 per cants, 19½; Peruvian 3 per cents. 42 div.; Mancan, 3 per cants, 19½; Peruvian 3 per cents. 42 not some series of per cents. 43; Lemdon, 5; Spanish 3 per nts. new deferred, 21; Turkish 6 per cents., 84; datto new rip, 2½ to 3 discount; Dutch 2½ per cents., 63½.

There has been a steady business doing in Joint-stock area, as follows:—Australias; 62; Lemdon, 57; City, 64½; ighsh. Scottish, and Australian Chartered, 17; London sirtered of Australia, 161; London and Westminster, 48½; ighsh. Scottish, and Australian Chartered, 17; London sirtered of Australia, 161; London and Westminster, 48½; ighsh. Scottish, and London, 50½. et div.; New South ales, 39; Oriental, 38½; Royal Bristol, 50; Union of istradia. 74; Union of London, 50½.

Anstralian Agricultural shares have been 29; Canada apany's bonds 149; datto Government, 6per cents., 110½; yelal Palace, 2½; Peniasular and Oriental Steam, 65½; yal Mail Steam, 76½; Yan Diemen's Lond, 16½; Yall Mail Steam, 76½; Yan Diemen's Lond, 16½; Sallway shares have been steady, Bristol and Eve'er, 80; ledenian, 55; Eastern Counties, 8½; Great Western, 56; dland, 64½; South Wales, 81½; Great Central of France, 1; Great Western of Canada, 24½; Paris and Lyons, 45½; and Swedish, 2½.

Distilling ditto, 26s. to 40s.; Grundur duto, 25s. to Malt, 68s. to 82s.; Rye, 50s. to 52s.; Feed Oate, 27s. to Potato ditto, 28s. to 33s.; Tick Penns, 38s. to 43s.; P. 48s. to 54s. White Peas, 49s. to 14s.; Maple, 40s. to 67sy, 41s. to 44s. per quarter; Town-nade Flour, 775s.; Town Households, 63s. to 65s.; Norfolk and Su. 56s. to 58s. ner 280lbs.

transacted, the quotations have been with difficulty aupported. Beef, from 3, 4d. to 4s. 8d.; nutton, Ss. 4d. to 4s. 8d.; nutton, Ss. 4d. to 4s. 8d.; nutton, Ss. 4d. to 4s. 6d.; veal, 3s. 8d. to 5s. 6d.; pork, 3s. 10d. to 5s. 2d. per 8 lbs. by the careass.

Tra.—Our market is somewhat active, and prices are well supported. The following are the present rates:—Conson, 9d. to 2s. 8d.; Flowery Peloc. 1s. 5d. to 3s. 6d.; Caper, 1s. to 1s. 3d.; Scented Caper, 1s. 5d. to 3s. 9d.; Gunpowder, 1s. to 3s. 6d.; Assam, 1s. to 4s. 4d. per lb.

Stora.—Since our last report, 1sher more business has been transacted in raw sugar, the prices of which show a declare from 1st. to 16s. per ext. In refined goods, the stocks of which are on the increase, very little is doing, and the rates are almost nominal.

Molassis.—The demand has been heavy, and the quotations show a decline of 5s. per cwt. Foreign, 24s. to 27s.; low to fine West India, 2st. to 27s. 6d. per cwt.

Coffee.—Good ord. native Ceylon has changed hands at 1s. to 5s. per cwt. Plantation kinds have realised full prices. Foreign coffee is very firm, but not dearer.

Cocoa.—The supply continues smail, yet the demand is neavy. Gray Traindad, 5ss. to 5s.; per cwt. Plantation kinds have realised full prices. Foreign coffee is very firm, but not dearer.

Cocoa.—The supply continues smail, yet the demand is 1st. to 5s.; per cwt.

Rick:—Currants are dull, and lower to pu

oing.

COTTON.—The business doing is by no means extensive.

rices, however, are firm.

HEMP AND FLAX.—The transactions in most kinds are

supparatively small. In the quotations we have no change

anotice.

to notice.

METALS.—Scotch pig iron has sold slowly, at 77s. 6d. to 75s. Manufectured iron is quite as dear as list week. Spelter, on the spot, £33 los. to £33 l5s. per ton. Tin and tin plates command very full prices. Copper and steel are selling at extreme rates.

ties command very full prices. Copper and seen are ling at extreme rates.

SPIRITS.—The market for rum is tolerably active. Proof ewards, 3s. 10 3s. 3d.; East India, 2s. 11d. to 3s. per gallon, andly is firm. Salrs of Cognae, best brands of 1851, s. 5d. to 10s. 10d.; 1850 do., 10s. 7d. to 10s. 10d.; older, s. to 11s. 6d. per gallon. Geneva, 3s. to 3s. 10d.; malt bit, 11s.; gan 17 under, 10s. 6d.; and 22 do., 10s. per llen. The Government contract for rum—551,000 gallons has been taken at 2s. 11d. to 3s. 3d. proof. INDIGO.—East India is selling at the late advance; and a sid business is doing in Spanish, at very full prices.

Hors.—Fine samples command fully late rates, but low adtrice continue dull. Mid. and East Kent pockets, 70s. to 0s.; Weald of Kent, 65s. to 96s.; Susses, 60s. to 90s.

Per cwt
Tattow.—P.Y.C., on the spot, 68s, per cwt. Town tallow, 63s 6d, net cash. Rough fat, 8s, 7d per 6lbs. The stack of tallow is 19.141 casks, against 32.887 do, in 1854; 46.128 in 1853; 19.518 in 1852; and 65.401 in 1851.
Cox18 — Tamfell M.cor, 17s, 3d.; Rell, 20s, 6d.; Lambton, 22s, 6d.; Caxsop, 26s, 4d; Velloc, 21s, 6d.; Heigh Hall, D. 64., Whitworth, 18s, 6d.; Evenwood, 18s, 6d. per ton.

LONDON GAZETTE.

FAHAY, DECEMBER 11.

RANKIGEPICY ANNULLED.—ROBERT PEARS STRUCKS, LAVERSON, EMPANNUL.

GAMNER PIS.—ROBERT BLORE, Great Russell Street, Blosses u.g. ricture dealer—Samuel. Proby Ellin, Goslin inchestor. Huntingdon, sodia water manufacturer—William Issiel, Duday, stations—William Wathen, Hereford, u.d.o.strip—Lidmin Verdon Elyin, and William Heraker and John Ellison, Church, near Accention, Lancashire, iron founders and millwrights.

Therapay December 15

Cashire, iron founders and millwrights.

TURSDAY, DECEMBER 18

BANKRUPICY ANNULLED.—Rold it John England and Thomas Acquistus Garrand, Bristol, dimegista.
BANKRUPIS—SAMUEL BELCHER, Lover Marsh, Londeth, hatter—Brajamin Hainsworth, Laverdod, common brower—Learlis Bake Webster, Hale addition, four blanks in manifecturer—Charlis houses. Thomas Andrews, and Thomas Andrews, Gausheid, Darland, irongers—Thomas H. Tanton, Brimingona, cabinethaker—Joshua James Petty, Bilston, Staffordshire, grocer—Robbet Grocher, Numberd, Peckham, builder—Jereman, Lillaufare, Davis Strick, Berkely Square, fariter—William Coolers, Numberd, Peckham, builder—Jereman Cooper, Numberd, Peckham, builder — Jeremian Lenger Wooster, Long Lane, West Smithfield, fancy

DEMEMBER YOUR FRIENDS AT CHRIST-MAS, and send Eliott's Dessert Fruits, the best present you can make. Six choice sorts for One Ginnea, containing handsome packages of French Plums and Muscatelic Kaising, a box of the best Figs, Jordan Almonds. Crystallized Fruits, and a Bottle of preserved Ginger, carefully packed in a Box, lt will be forwarded to any Railway Station in London, on receipt of a Post Office Order for One Guinea, payable to John Filitort, Charing Cross.

John Fillorr, Charing Cross.

The old established Italian and Grocery Warehouse, 451, West Strand.

War Strand.

WAR TAX SAVED.—The EAST INDIA TEA
COMPANY still supply 7 lbs. of excellent Congou or
Southong for One Guines, war-tax included, and other sorts,
either black or green, as low as 23. 6d. per lb. Office, 0,
Great St. Helen's Churchyard, Bishopsgate.

THE BEST and CHEAPEST TEAS in ENG-LAND are sold by FHILLIPS and COMPANY, Ten Merchants, 8, King William Street, City, London. A general Price Current is published every month, containing all the advantages of the London Markets, and is sent free by Post on application. Sugars are supplied at Market Prices.

DEALLY GOOD BRANDY, 16s. per Golon.—
In French Bottles, 31s. per dozen, with Case. — This Pure Pale "Fau de Vie" is decidedly superer to much that is imported dured from Cognac.
BYNEY BRETT and Co., Old Furnival's Distillery, Holborn.

FLOUR WARRANTED FREE FROM ADUL-FERATION.—Whites for Fastry, per bush-l, 14s, 4d.; Households, 18s, 8d.; Seconds, 18s, Meal for Brown Bread, 18c; Best Coarse and Fine Scotch Oatmail, delivered to my part of London, Carroge Free, Address Houses ettal, and Bullford Mill, Witham, Essex, or Caledonian

MOUTH BLOATERS for 6s., package included. These gally esteemed delicaries and cheap article of food forwarded all parts, on receipt of penny justage stamps, or P.O.O. referred). Send full and plain direction, county, and areast station.—Address, THOS. LETTIS, Jun., Fish Curer, Varmouth.

Gt. Yarmouth.

"This is the third season Mr. Lettis has supplied us with Yarmouth bloaters, and we find the quality excellent.—
J. Brashove, housesteward, Blenkeim Palace.—Oct. 20, 1854."

"Mr. Lettis.—As soon as you send out your genuine bloaters, I should be glad to have a supply as usual; those I had last year gave great satisfaction.—A. F. Courroux, Ambassadors' Court, St. James's Palace.—Oct. 1, 1855."

bassadors Court, St. James's Palace—Oct. 1, 1855,

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES

CHRISTMAS EXTRA NUMBER.

CHRISTMAS PRAYER.
"Give us peace in our time, O Lord!"—Common Prayer.
Ou, pray for peace within the cloistered wall,
In soft lin'd pew, on downy cushion kneeling;
Little thou reck'st of war, but yet for all
Humanity's dear sake cease not appealing.

Oh, pray for peace by every fireside altar, Rear'd in the happy homes of this fair land; Yet what know ye of war, save where ye falter At some lov'd name—one of the hero band,

Those place stands vacant by ye, who has gone Forth from his friends and home; and, oh, the anguish, o think that—stricken down, unheeded, lone, While ye pray here in quiet, he may languish.

Yes, pray at home in quiet; but yet know How from the inmost heart would How from the innost heart would come this prayer, onldst thou but view war's dire and ghastly show, Hear the deep groans, and see the mis'ries there.

Come to the field—the fatal field—where lying, Gasping and faint, are men once brave and bold; In one commingled heap, the dead and dying, Hearts that still faintly beat, and hearts grown cold.

There, midst the clamour of the battle strife, The dying head pillowed on gory clay;

With no kind word to soothe the parting life;
Those souls are passing, or have passed away.

Come to these lonely heights where buried lie— To British hearts so dear—the nobly brave; Manhood and youth—heroes who dared to die In freedom's cause—here sleep in glory's grave.

Gone down to death; but not alone they're sleeping, Buried with them are hopes, and joys, and love; The orphan's wail, the widow's hopeless weeping, Ever resound the victor's cry above.

Think on the woe that with the war-cry comes;
The blood and tears that mark its ruthless track;
The vacant hearts, and desolated homes;
Oh, what for these can glory yield us back?

True, worse than war lives in the tyrant's sway, And man, the poor enslav'd one, must endure; Yet think on these, and thou wilt kneel and pray Those ills removed that need such deadly cure.

I'ray for the time thou may'st not live to see. The happy time when wars for ever cease; We know not when the blessed time may be Yet psay we still for universal peace.

CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY EDMUND II. YATES.

(See Illustrations on pages 461 and 465.)

Oscallustrations on pages 464 and 465.)

The olden time! The fine old times—the glorious old days—the age of chivalry, when to be honourable and nobly born was better than to be rich;—when a man's pedigree was thought more of than his banker's book—when beauty's check flushed at the recital of noble deeds, and beauty's hand was bestowed on the gallant, though unknown knight, rather than on the rich citizen—when through the breathless lists the war-horses rushed like lightning to the charge, and shouts of "A De Courcy!" "A'De Gency!" rent the air. The glorious olden time, when Robin Hood and Little John laughed their lives away in Sherwood Forest—when that fine fellow, Cœur de Lion, used to go about in various disguises, using both his royal influence and personal strength for the advantage of his distressed and virtuous subjects; when an eloquent hermit, by the fire of his words, could rouse thousands to such a pitch of religious frenzy, that they gave up home, land, connections, and hurried away whither they knew not, to fight for what they were entirely ignorant of! The jolly old days, when every nobleman had his castle and his court—when the ale and wine were flowing all day long—when the jesters were perpetually going about saying funny things, and playing the most humorous practical jokes—when it was "merry in the hall, and the beards wagged all" (which must have been the height of jocularity)—when eld squires sat in doublet and trunk hose, and quaffed huge flagons of the finest lithenish, for the purpose of imparting an accession of calorne to their masal organs—when houseless wanderers were not driven from the hall, nor told to go to the relieving officer, nor passed on to another parish, nor rewarded with a mendicity ticket for soup, nor



CHRISTMAS PRAYER FOR PEACE .- (DESIGNED BY M. E. DEAR.)

in the continue that it most them, the translation is share, being 1 in a many that is related and the files and many at 1 in a many in the content of the c

CLT ENGLISH CHRISTMAS ALMEDIVING,

ONE of the most holy feelings come and a re-especially with the season is that of liberality. By a beautiful disposation of Providence, the heart of man is opened and warmed towards in re-especially with the season from the inchemency of the season, the season are more acute, and less easily borns than at may other period. White heart more acute, and less easily borns than at may other period. White heavilable of the less fortunate is impressed upon his mind by the services of the Church, and by many old truditions, both in prose and verse, which have reached our day. We find that in other time it was the custom for the Squite of the parish

the Squire of the parish

"With a good old fashion, when Clarified it was the custom for the Squire of the parish

"With good cheer croaga to a period drum, With good cheer croaga to a period drum, With good cheer croaga to a period drum, Cory of room.

And old liquot, able to make a second at a man dumb;"

and, in addition to the marvels her a continued to their time in Lonion, and neglecting those depends them there for support their in a Letter written by her orders, "The conflow of Norfolk and facilities are a first written by her orders, "The conflow of Norfolk and facilities are a first written by her orders, "The conflow of Norfolk and facilities are a first written by the continue of Christmas Dry, when the Louisi the Manor, and support to their a first and stients by the continue of the Manor, and support to their all the facility and stients by the second of his handson, where the continue of the first handson, where the continue of the alms. Money, clothing, and food, were liberally dispensed; and while her husband had a kind word or two for all his tennation, the generous lady of the rims on world true her attention to their wives, soothing the complaints of many an ancient crome with tangible benefits, and bringing the blush to the clock of her we comely village gid, by hinting that the Corstmas quit was her a contribution to the new home and house-keeping which we exist end in the continue, year. Nor were the hindren per lover in the general ban varine, but were liberally supplied with "sweet cates" and other damine, which were brought to them by wrebbins of their own are, the season and a malters of the figure.

(St. Hinstration, page 4-0.)

""" the Carstmas consoned the season and a malters of the figure.

see, see, the Lovenshape, each for the sings so by the lime error with the second section cases for the Chilard and the machine action of the contract Williams decreased as the contract with the second section of the contract of the contr

The trade of Water evergences to so the road control of the page is to induce ever the next superstitutes to instead to these inspections, and the body had by still maintained their original of these inspections, and the body had by still maintained their original of these inspections, and the body had be still retained. We have, there is no positive at he in the defined of the control of this custom of decorate of the intendence of the right of still evergences, prior to the atteenth contains the fearth of the intendence of the middle of which century Stow says, "Assimat the fearth of Christmas, every near's hours, and what occur the sense of the year antorded to be green, or nantsument, shows in the sate, is note like wise germbhed."

It is not type should be the control of the control of

on position by the colores for our Soy sir wall and sollowing eurol, taken from the Harleius MSS, will soon a which holy was held by our area.

for sealing

ton a dand lady of the Hall, whose vir against Hally

The Christmas or Yu'e Log always played an important part in the day's proceedings, and although it has been prepared for some time beforehand, and was well dried and ready for the fire, it was never brought home until the Christmas evening, when a procession was formed, and the log was conducted to the fire and thrown across the iron dogs with all due formality. I recollect hearing, down in an old Yorkshire manor-house, where I once spent a Christmas, the following rough verse of a song sung while the log was being dragged into the hall, but I am unable to state whether it is of ancient or modern date:

"Come bring with a mise,
"Uy menty, merry by yo.
"The Chaotines Lee to the firing!
Whato my good dame, she
Hals you all be five,
And drink to your heart's desiring."

HUNTING THE WILD BOA.

HUNTING THE WILD BOA.

HUNTING the will boar was a favon to paginae in the twelth and foatteenth contains. Mention of boar lands is coastantly made in all old treatis sea the act of voarie, and it is stated that the peoper season for this species of game is from the "Nativity to the Turinendon of ear Lobe," as darder that the relie mained is tempted forth from his lairly the nets, according to the resistance four through a larger that the relief had not the woods. The chase of the boar was carried on on horeback, that is to say, the neblearm or chief had not five party vao mounted, while the enfortmate prokers were compelled to go on foet. Boar-hounds were fred at one time an England, but the common mastiff was also found to be very serviceable in this kind of class. When the king hunted, the practice pursued was very similar to that now in vogue in Germany, and called a "dreib jagd." A structure of tenderary buildings were erected for the accommodation of the royal fearly and such of the nobles as were permitted to join in the sport; when their highnesses were fully proposed, three long mootes er blasts with the horn were given by the master of the chase, and the hounds were uncoupled. The pane was then driven from the cracer, and hunted towards the start where the king was placed, and as it passed, the arrows were discharged, and the sport was over. To any sportsman who knows the transdoors excitenant of the chase, it will be amusing to read that proper persons were appointed to keep the populace at due distant name but the royal party being allowed to shoot at the game. As we speak of a "covey" of partidges, or a "herd" of deer, so two or more to us in company were known as a "singular" of bores. N.B. Here is a line opportunity for the building joker, who can say that properly itshould be called a "plural."

THE PROCESTION OF THE BOAR'S HEAD.

The boar hands and killed, his head formed the first course of the great Christmas banquet. Many people magnes that the fact of such a dish having been bound to table is merely appetable, but there are many old course and carels extant to prove that it was a standard dish. I believe this want of faith has arisen from a centeraphition of the boar's head occasionally displayed in the windows of Messic. Morel and Fortman and Mason, which are composed of succedent dusties, and have nothing in common with the real original bear. The boar's head arched with my and helly, and having a reasted paper inserted between his jaws, was been about by a serving man, before whom anarched two thanpeless blowing joyful notes, while the jester graphabled in front of them, and board hispard generally absurd and unphasant. Behind the bears of the boar's head merched the rest of the servants. On the entrance of the procession the company rose to do it honour, and in some cases remained standing until it had quitted the room. I have not let earlies of the hard as a detion, and telieve it to have been nearly a slow dish, the real knift and fork play communicing with the second of the wind that he had a decided and when cranes, hereous, titterns, participes players, woodcocks, and supe were brought to table. Here is an old carol on the subject:—

CAPPET APPER DESIGNATION.

CAPUT APRI DETERO ELUDENS LAUDES DOMINO.

The loar's heal in hand bring I, With farlands gay and resonary; I pray you all sing merrily, Qui estis in convivio.

"The boar's head, I understand, Is the chief service in this land; look wherever it be found, Service cam cantico.

"Le glad lords, both more or less, For this hath ordained our steated, To cheer you all this Christmas. The boar's head with mustard."

THE WASSAIL BOWL.

THE WASSAIL BOWL.

THE Wassail howl was a bowl of spiced de, which was carried about by xoning men and women on Xew Year's Eve, who went from door to door, and a few yearse composed by the village pact for the occasion, and presented the liquor to the inhabitants of the house where they called, expecting in return a staff or the light of the word is acll known. It was Rowena, the domater of light, who, inscending a hoad of wine or year, and the Kassail or in the part of Wassailand, as here described, is, a machood. The occurrency of the was all bowl, as here described, is,

threatened with Mr. Moratend, nor compelled to take up with a "tweepeany rope," but were I braidly overthe and, 1.5, 1.11 house, i. 1 the principle from that while the great were I braidly overthe and, 1.5, 1.11 house, and her principle from that while the great were I braidly overthe and, 1.5, 1.11 house, and her principle from that where the great were I braidly overthe and, 1.5, 1.11 house, and her principle from that when the great were I braidly over the northern competition of the northern competition. The pulled that when the great were I braidly of the northern competition of The two said or "C" is tong out of "C", dead ale, some embergeres set was death as in "C" vice eq." in Life, some record of the manifold drank with an explicit out of place to the provided for notable and exact to wissed the fruit trace, provide provided for notable and Evan bire. Dorselving male Some LL believe to disk keylogs to the coordinate of the record of the record values of a contest. On the record Tachar P. Tomas P. Tomas

and the I dlowing loast attack :-
Where, the did applestrue, which will be the thing of the may be down to the transfer of t

CURISTIMAS M HSTRELS AND MUMMERS.

As early as the establishment of the Saxous in Britain, gleener of the Saxous in Britain, gleener of the saxous in Britain, gleener of the algh and noble personages in the recent sense to consider the year free analysis was a western to the Australia and the parameters and the Australia and the Australia and the Australia and the Australia and Austra The scale of the very moderates when it is yet, yet with a non-clear transfer in the very moderate in the result of the scale of the very moderate in the moderate in the scale of the scale o

"I am hare sir Claisenast. We rough my Lord, for Claistanas We from e to all to an none and be a. Come near Nove

* God be with you, Sie, takings I you tong, A must both born a child-full young, The which causet one county, Novel.

"Christ was born et a poze m. d, In an ox stalt he is faid, Therefore sang we thrac t

Mumming was proceed both by the higher and Lumbler classes, thefermer decking the markes as Empiries. Popes, Careinals, &c., and attended Lumbleaners and comines which the latter simply to the themselves with paint and soot. It is a quarter which panye of themselves with paint and soot. It is a quarter which panye of themselves with addingners in the street below, and (when the low) corrers and not the apper were making mass of themselves) per rally threw out some rice, y to them. Here is an old song about manning.

"Tristorten winter saint sa;
"Tristorten winter saint sa;
"Tristorten winter saint sa;
"Tristorten winter saint sa;
"Tristorten winter saint sai

"Whilst yeathan sports are lasting, To teaching turn our field With reversand with some Make greet and early

O For youth it well begons the That pleasure he esteem in And states ago is hate.

That morth would have as a first in the control of the con

Mamming is not yet extinct in many parts of England. A few years ago I came across a party of mun arrs, so near London as Willesden.

My fire has burned out; and the voice of the watchman (for, though living in the centre of London, the inhabitants of my street are line old Conservatives, and we keep up our watchman still) warms me that ny Christmas researches have extended for another mat.

If I have afforded information or an assument to any, my purpose is achieved; and so—Good Night!

NO CHOSS, NO CROWN.

We give the following poem by S cirlon Chalwick, extracted from his volume of poems, just published, in the hope that it will not be unaccessible those readers.

Twas eve, and in a lowly room A student sat, in sombre glossa, a culting his ling us in his hair, Like one in reveale or desorie. In fore him hey an open but Stalings was in his large of 1.5%. r golden wie de toa sport bote. An Cross to Crossa!

For one so your wordly.

His books were protected that deathdess fare done I theart-arenied the and overwall the traced in throtoling lines his thought And in it his toll this second to be "The voice above of desting".

No Cross, no Crown!

Sometimes his notify spirit turned. Towards fame's pittar as it bound; And of the judged like efforts with To cross the burning bars of pain, He grouned in agentized as tress; Life's cup was bashed with bitterness; (then in them it of those of old, it was a large of the property of the

ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

They fought the battle, bore the Criss, That truth models never suffer loss, tong the free,
so in the sea;
as in the sea;
then it, in the sea;
therms words of winged flame,
No Cross, no Crown!

Il soul sometimes would droop her wing,
Wen envious acrows specture structure,
take a trampet's martial structure,
take a trampet's martial structure,
the at plowed with image take the control of the critics ine,
the at plowed with image take the continue of the critics ine,
the at man in earnest, he
On thought's Patmos toiled wearily,—
No Cross, no Crown!

And thus he woke his spirite section.

To Music's rare imaginates:

To Love and Freedom, Trata and Right,
Justice and Mercy, gods of light!

Oh! cheering tell those golden words.

Upon his worn heart's tender chords:
In death these words has spirit bore,
And chants them still for evermore—

No Cross, no Crown! And thus he woke his spirit's strings

This be the motto of the brave, This be the motto of the slave;
The Patriot's, with the people's scorn;
The Martyr's, with his garand-thorn.
Whoever seeks to win a nime,
Whoever tools for freedom's fame,
Whoever human tears would dry,
Let this for ever be his cry,—

No Cross, no Crown!

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

CPHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

(See Illustrations, pages 476.)

We ply the man who meither receives nor makes a present during theismastime. It is not the intrinsic value of the thing presented their devis in acceptable. We may receive a gift of the most cooly nature, yet, seemed that it came from one whom we despie, we absolutely gradge the nature-spence for carriage, and wonder at the fellow's imputence for sending, it. We may receive a present, insignificating perhaps to every eye but the state of the present of the state of

uncle, fisther, or elder sister, shall invest in this or that exciting six-pennymorth. Truly a maintaine partiant of the world, with all its bargaining, but a property and a first and old hose much is in gam

CHRISTMAS CHARITY.

THE HOSPITAL NURSE AT SCUTARI.

(See Illustration, page 400.) All alone on Christmas Day!

All alone on Christmas Day!

Wearing, watching, never end us,
O'er a stranger's sick bed bending,
One, whose name I know no', tending,
All alone on Christmas Day!

Home is more than home to-day, Hearths are brighter, hearts more gay, Brothers, now, are more than brothers, Mothers, more than ever, mothers— Home! the word belongs to others— I have none—on Christmas Day!

I can see them, plain as day, In that home so far away— Oak logs crackling, lustres blazing, Yusia sounding, dances mazing, Merry jests the laughter raising, There, at home, on Christmas Day!

Father, with his locks of gray,
Mother, boys, and sister May,
All in mirth and foolic vying.—
Shame on me! their love denying,
'They are sitting sad, and signing.—
'Where is she on Christmas Day?'

What my cause, my right, to stray,
From those dear ones for away—
In my pribe of mission doing,
Strangers' beds with tears bedewing,
Leaving those who love me, rucing,
Sad and orn, on Christmas Day?

He, I'm watching night and day,
Will not c'en my cares repay
With a look—but rise and leave me,
Cured and thankless—searce perceive me,
What's a Nurse?—Oh! God forgive me,
Sinning thus on Christmas Day!

There? it's past and gone away—(Who can ev'ry weakness stay P)
This was, yet, my corest trial,
Vanquish'd—others, I defy all—
To my task of self-denial,
Task of love on Christmas Day!

Man unknown! with beard of gray, Rescued from the murd'rous fray, Thou shalt be my tather, mother, Si-ter, schoolmate, friend and brother, All my love to thee—no other— I will give this Christmas Day!

Father, mother! far away, Loving children round ye play—
He who shops with tongled tresses,
Wife nor child, nor friend possesses.
Wife and child, and all that blesses,
I will be on Christmes Day!

Wet the lips that gasping stray —
Smooth the locks too early gray —
Hush the step, the harsh door's elecking,
Skent the room, with fever recking,
I are happy past all specking,
Here slone on Christmas Day!

RODERT

ROBERT B. BROUGH.

A CHRISTMAS VISIT FROM GRANDPAPA AND GRANDMAMMA.

(New New Colors of the Manager of the Colors of th

of his love?

Grandpapa comes at Christmas time, his peckets crammed with toys. Dear grandmamma accompanies him, and shee, kind soul! can hardly walk, so heavily is she laden with bans, lottlipaps, and sugar-candy. And the sweet innocents flock round them, dancing, screaming, crowing, so delighted are they to see the good old folks. Happy is the child who urst can get its tiny arms around their necks! Happy is the child who urst can get its tiny hand into their well-filled packets!

Well does the writer of the present article remember his own childbood, and its pure disinterested love for his dear grandmamma. The chiest of a tolerably extensive family, he can distinctly recall to mind the time when, with the exception of "baby brother," who was too young to take into

account, he reigned supreme, alone, in the nursery. Then grandmamma would often come to see them, and see dever come without expanding just the pancy sterling at the contact of the street, chair on a neigness somptones, a financial in a chair of the latter, by the dye, was generally deemed a "ces," there were three stacks a penny, and two were always pot away for other days, to this sponge-cate or hard-take, which was off in one, and always given in its globous totality, was much superior.) What a paragon of apperionant excellence was grand-mannia at that time! What happiness her disits to the nursery gave birth to! How very glad we always were to see her! How very much seal local band.

were always pet away for other cays, so be ryonaescate or hard-lake, which was and in one, and shays given in its grounds told by, wes much supernown. What a paragon of vegernman excellence we great manure at that time! What happiness her sists to the nursery graduint to! How very glad we always were to see her! How very much we boyed her!

But by and by the "baby brother" out saw his formeries, whenever her sind degrees begin to share the result of formeries, whenever her sind degrees begin to share the result is formeries, whenever he show degrees begin to share the result of the state of the same of many rate. The was an imperative," for a likely sate that it is cominal regists, and combating state by any accessively attended in the combatine of the same of the

CHRISTMAS AT EUSTON SQUARE.

A RHAPSODY.

(Found among the papers of the late Bernard Maguire). AIR-The Groves of Blurney.

On, the Euston Station! What botheration,
And tribulation at the Christmas time;
With the folks from Yorkshire, and the Pot'thry works sure,
And the coves from Cork sure with their brogue sublime.

With the engines steaming, and the cabmen scheming, And the porter's laming you with box and track; And the lines and branches, and the grouse and haunches— Sent as Christmas presents (which is some folk's linek)!

Oh! the noise and clangour, and the Welsh from Bangor-Come up to London for to see the sights;
And the stokers, and cokers, and the red-hot pokers—
Like Crofton Croker's tales of fairy lights.

And the precious caskets, and the big clothes baskets, And the little boys from Mr. Squeers's school; And the Grand Trunk Linings, and the two pound finings For smoking pipes, which is against the rule.

And the big swell dragmen, and the Stockport bagmen; And the pocket-pistols, and the patent guns; And the luggage missing, and the ladies kissing Their short-trock'd daughters and their long-legged sons.

The "good-byes" and "thankee's," and the bilisus Yankees, And the Chesh re chaeses (made in county blint), And the gas-hoop's ray, boys, and the peop-o'-day boys, And the hadlords come to town to spend their rint.

Oh! the mutton-chops, sir, and the coffee-shops, sir,
That the touters tempt you with; and the beds of down,
Which you can't get from, sir; and famed feeping Tom, sir,
The Ribbon man, from Coventry's old town;

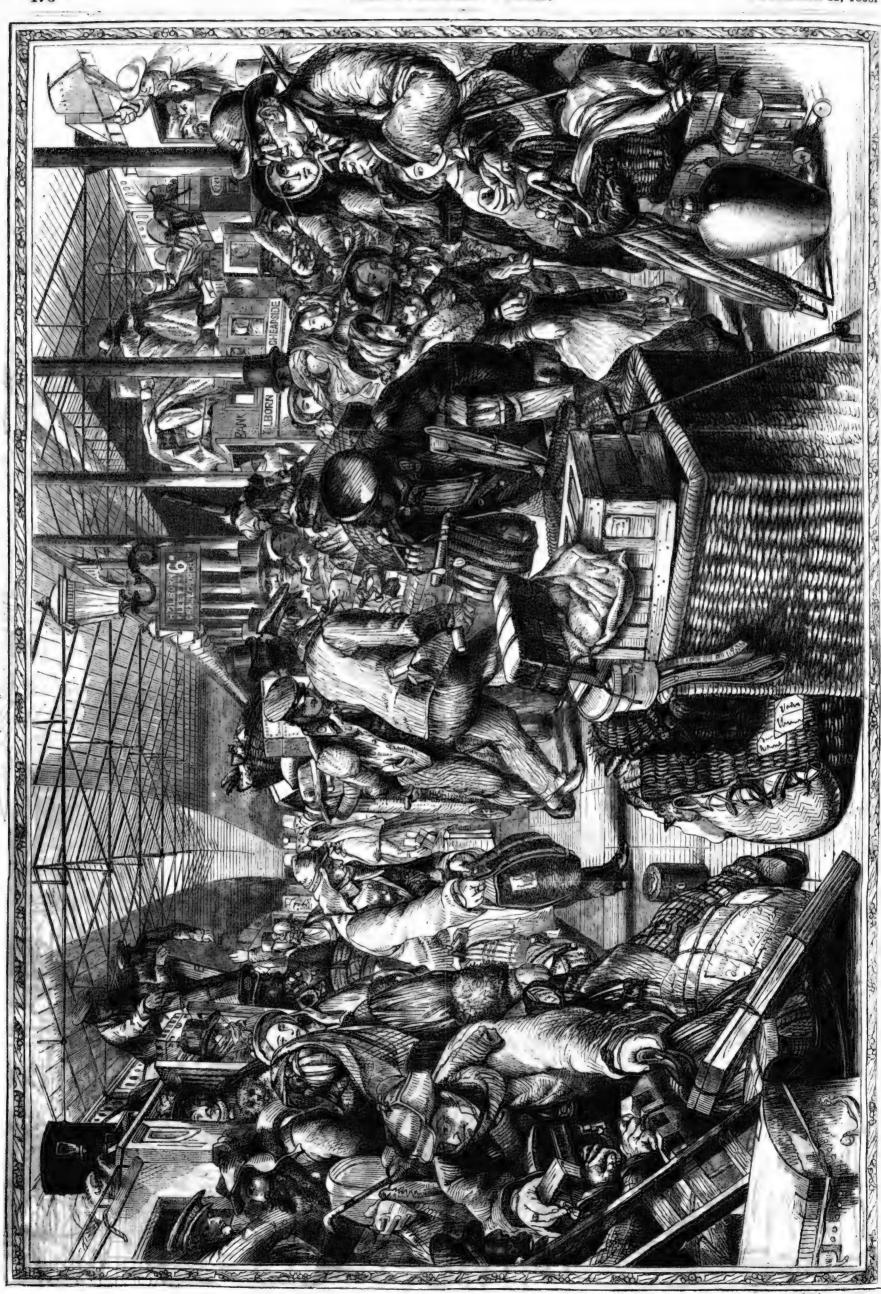
And the Rugby scholars, and the all-round collars; And the Brunmagem tradesness with their bettled stock, (The dreadid gluttons; they must make strong buttons, They've been eating ever since the train set out!)

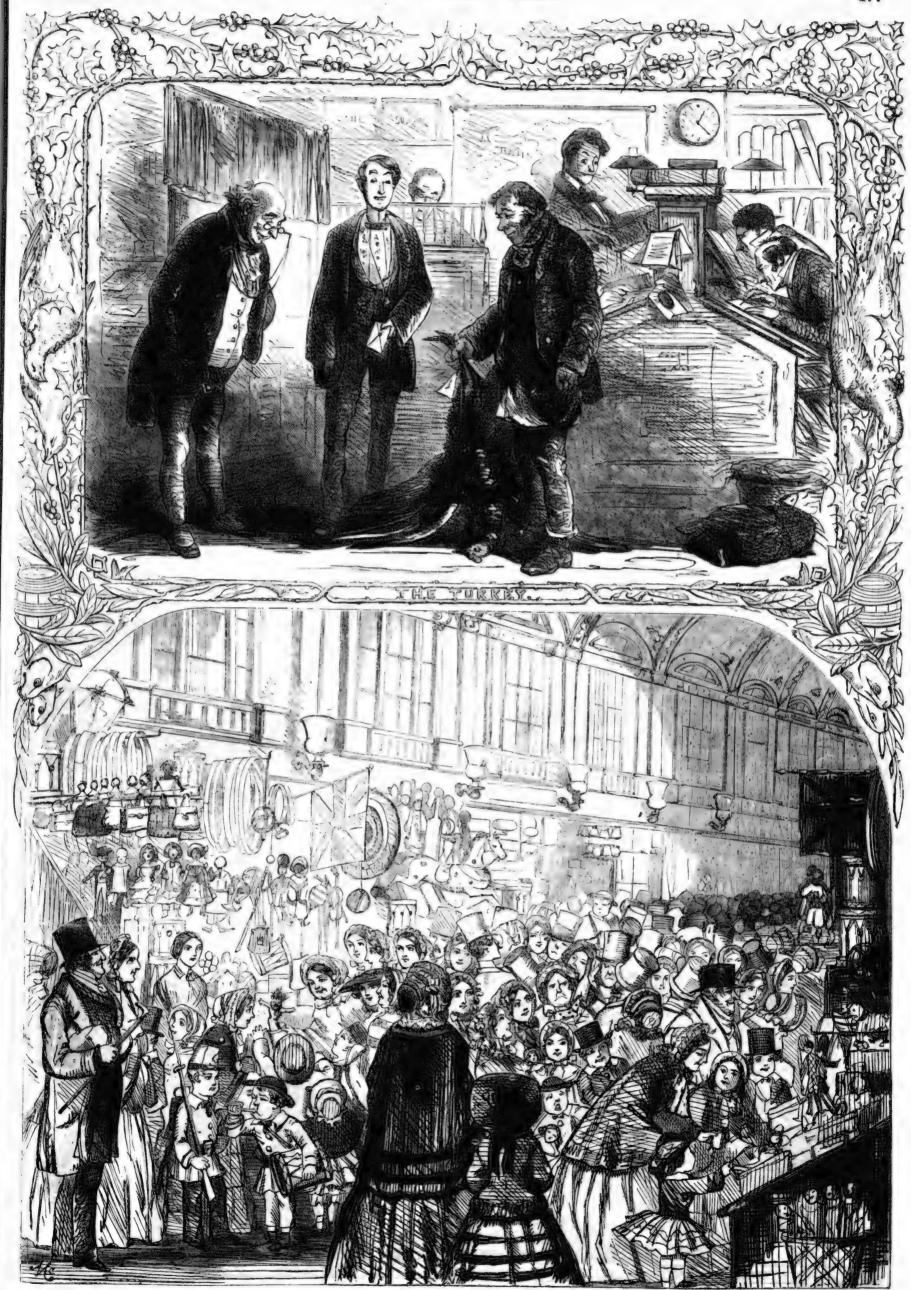
O the cabs and busses, and the rows and fusses-The does run over and the babies lost; And the station-master, through all disaster, Where equationity is never crost;

Such a tower of Babel-sure I'm scarcely able To make my way alive and kicking through—
Ha! some Kinahan, there; look sharp, young man, there—
A merry Christmas, and the same toyou.

(See Filestraten, page 486.)







CHRISTMAS PRESENTS THE TURKEY-(DESIGNED BY PRIZ.) THE T

THE TOY BAZAAR,—(DESIGNED BY W. M'CONNELL.)

MC CRUMPLESIDE'S PIG. A CHRISTMAS MORALITY.

PY WHITAM PROUGH.

Twar Clristers Eve, and becauses was a selv over to the Clristers Eve, and becauses was a selv over to the Clristers and surjection of trade behind them, to reconting houses, leaves of the events and surjection of trade behind them, to research the current of the conting trade of the fact that "Time" and that the sole call and has of because he is conting wealth. It is not the Land of Shopleopers itself.

by the Letton, both attech regardles of the fact that "Time" and that the sole calculation of burnan life is gaining wealth. It is not that the sole calculation of burnan life is gaining wealth. It is a holiday! And c ceks were locking up their desks, and cramming ledgers and day-backs into heir various receptacles with an unusually default air, it is they had their remies refer under lock and key not one whole day, it is they had their remies refer to already for a little while, before those stril-backed, leather-coated, ink-devouring, to il-exacting terrant could demend their services again. For it was Christmas live, and the City was preparing to make boilday!

Everyone second the better for it. In theroughfares but little used throughout the day, but where the tide of passens by obtained forwards the forther many the morning, towards the city, and all returning in the evening from the City; there, where clocks are not required, where you know it wants exactly five minutes to ten when you see the stont gentleman with the watcheseds and the silk underdla pass your door, or that it is just helf-past four because the clerical-looking individual with the gold spectacles is going bone; there, even there, where all would seen axed and uncleangeable in it reactine as the other system itself, a marked change was observable on Chrismas Live. Those who had passed each other daily through the year with but a harried nod, in w stooped to say, "Gold extraction in a wind was a little see, if such there were, who could on ordinary division. Chrismas Live, it and there were, who could on ordinary division of friendship seemed, in fact, promoted to the one base it.

It was no don't this great increase of friendly feeling and good fellowship pervading the atmosphere, whice caused, and therefore must excess, had otherwise would have been unpardonable rudeness on the part of

It was no dou't this great increase of friendly feeling and good fellowship pervaining the atmosphere, which caused, and therefore must excuse, that otherwise would have been unpardonable rudeness on the part of Charley Bellamy. (There again! have we too caught the infection of the season? On business days we should no more have thought of speaking of the substantial old established house of Bellamy and Co. by its Christian name that a charity-boy would think of attempting familiarities with a headle. But we can't help it. On this Christmas Eve of which we write, the unsubstantial "Co." seemed utterly discarded—locked up, it may be, with the ledgers in the counting-house, and our friend Bellamy that ceased to be a "house"; he was a man—simple, warm-hearted, merry Charley Bellamy.)

had ceased to be a "house"; he was a man—simple, warm-hearten, merry Charley Bellamy.)

But we have spoken of an act of rudeness. It was this. Walking a little in advance of him, Beliamy saw a short podgy broad-backed figure that he could not mistake. How could he? He had known the owner of that figure when they were boys at school together. He had beliefd the outlines of that figure, gradually extending in length as they grew up together; had seen them rapidly expand in breadth when both reached man's extate; had watched, and still was watching, as those outlines stretched out breader and yet broader, now that both were thriving traders. Bellamy walked up close behind his friend, and his open palm came down with a tremendous thwack upon those very well-developed shoulders.

"How are you, Crumpleside, my boy?" said he. "A merry Christmas to you, old fellow!"

"How are you, Crumpleside, my boy?" said he. "A merry Christmas to you, old fellow!"

Mr. Crumpleside turned round, as who would not have done, at this somewhat startling mode of salutation? For Bellamy's hand was no light weight, although his friend's shoulder-blades were protected with so good a buffer of substantial flesh.

"Who's that?" cried Mr. Crumpleside, sharply. "Oh! it's you, ch? Will, what's the matter now?"

"The matter, nothing!" answered Bellamy, placing his arm within his friend's. "I do wonder at a man of sense like you talking such utter nousense. A merry Christmas! Why a merry Christmas? Why, I ask, should you wish your friends a merry Christmas? Why, I ask, should you wish your friends a merry Christmas? That is, if there can be any reason at all for such absardity."

"What, still the same hard cynic?" said his friend. "Still the same incorrigible enarler, ch? I hoped you had grown out of it by this time."

same incorrigible enarler, ch? I hoped you had grown out of it by this time."

"A snarler! nonsense!" Mr. Crumpleside replied. "I don't snarl. Look at me now, do I look at all like a cynic?" Mr. Bellany did look at the round, plump, good-tempered face presented for his inspection, and was oblifted to own to himself that Crumpleside did not look like a smarler. "Not I," continued that gentleman; "I'm anused rather than otherwise at seeing everylody, just because it happens to be the 24th of December, making fools of themselves in this way, making their minds up that it is their bounden duty to be so particularly jolly, as if they couldn't enjoy themselves as well on any other day in the almanae!"

"I tell you what it is, Crumpleside," resumed the other, "if I were not perfectly convinced that you don't mean it, but that you are, in spite of all yon say, as capable of being jolly as the best of us, I should teel very much inclined to have a serious quarrel with you."

"Of course, I can be jolly, if I please," said Mr. Crumpleside. "All I stipulate for is that I should be allowed to be so in my own way—to enjoy myself as I please, and when I please. Not to have days of merriment chalked out for me, and modes of being happy formally determined on beforehand, in the same way as the clown's tomfooleries in a pantonnine are set down in the prompter's book. I don't object to any one's enjoying himself on the 24th or 25th of December, any more than on the 31st if he feels so inclined. It's the idea of making jollity compulsory I laugh at."

"Ah, you poor miserable dog!" returned his friend, with a smile. "I

if he feels so inclined. It's the idea of making jolity compulsory I laugh at."

"Ah, you poor miserable dog!" returned his friend, with a smile. "I see what it is. Old bachelors like you don't know what Christmas means. Suppose you come and dine with me to-morrow, and I'll show you!"

"No, Bellamy, no; thank you. Any other day you like I shall be delighted. But I should feel disgusted with myself, if I, even in such a small matter as this, did anything to countenance the ridiculous conventionalities of Christmas."

"Well, you are the most provoking little rascal in the world," said Bellamy. "I've really a great mind to quarrel with you. But if you won't accept my invitation for to-morrow—what do you say to coming home with me now, and helping me to brew some flip this evening?"

"Some what? Flip did you say?"

"Of course."

"Some Mip!" and Mr. Crumpleside burst out into a loud laugh. "Now there again! I'd lay a goon round sum you never by any chance taste flip on any other day throughout the year; and yet this evening, because, as I said before, it happens to be the 24th of December, you will go and give yourself a severe belions attack, play the very dence with your inside by swilling down a vile compound of —"

"Come, come," interpowed Beliamy, "no blasshemy, old fellow."

"Enall that's face." sail be let the belief we have best interpowed.

swilling down a vile compound of —"

"Come, come," interposed Bellamy, "no blasshemy, old fellow."

"Egad! that's fine," said the little man, with another langh. "Blasshemy against thip! A diabotheal invention of some hard-up doctor, who introduced it simply for the good of histrade. A vidanous maxture of eggs and grn, and ale and sagar"—

"Not so," again interrupted the oth r. "When drunk on Christians

Eve, a compound rather coall kindly-feelings, home-sentiments, and family effections. A compound of "Said Crumpleside. "He you like flip thome and drick it by rivines. But for Heaven's sake let's have no perfect the control of the Eve, a compound rather ("Al Kushy resource effections. A compound of "Said Crumpleside. "If you like flip thome and delok it by rit mest. But for Heaven's sake let's have no potry of rentment chould if. Good af comount. It is no use asking you to come in I suppose, expected you so important an occasion as Christians live. I am going into the "Crown," here, just to get a chop, and have one in a conditional state of the condition of the "Crown," here, just to get a chop, and have one in a conditional state of the condition of the conditional state of the conditional

nd you positively will not dine with me to-morrow?" ou will make the usual beef and the indispensable plum-pudding, I me?" asked Cramples de sarcasticale.

"O rouses we show."

I thought so. You must excuse me, ready. Beef and plum-pudding make a capital dinter, I i not, but I couldn't tank of disting outless upon Christmas Day. I should believe that I had fillen into the regular beaten track, and was being whipped up to the table by the tyrant custom. I expect my Christmas dinner is waiting for meant the bar. Fordered it to be sent here, so that I may take it I one with me to-night."

"And may I ask," said Bedauty, "of what your Christmas dinner will cossist? I was I feel.

pect my Christmas dancer is waiting for mean the bar. I ordered it to be sent here, so that I may take it lone with me to-night."

"And may I ask," said Bedaug. "of what your Christmas dinner will consist? I own I feel a may a self-mean the could dine on anything but roast-beef and plunchaiding upon Christmas Day, that could drink anything but fip upon Christmas Eve, deserves—Contound it, I don't know what he does not deserve. Hanging would be too good for him."

"Good bye, then!"

"Good bye, then!"

"Good bye, old feilow ! you know I respect you in spite of your prejudices. You won't allow not to wish you a merry Christmas, I suppose!"

"By all means, if you like," replied the laughing philosopher. "And I'll wish you the same if you desire it, and a merry Boxing-day—and the day ofter; and, in fact, any day you like."

"Well, then, Good bye." And the two friends parted. Bellamy going homewards; Crumpleside into the "Crown." He took his seat in his own particular corner of the Coffee-room. There was no necessity to give an order: for the waiter, the mement he come in, run just outside the door, and shouted down a speaking-tule "Chop, unlerdone—derectly." He evidently knew Mr. Crumpleside's habits and requirements before to-day, and having taken that gentleman's great-cost, hat, and walking-strick from him, he placed a knife and fork and the evening paper on the table as a matter of course, without a single word having passed between them.

"Any one here, James?" Mr. Crumpleside inquired.

"Not yet, sir," was the answer.

Now, this question, and the reply of James, if taken in their literal sense, would throw great doubts, no less upon Mr. Crumpleside's powers of observation than upon the waiter's veracity, for they could both of them see several persons seated in the room-with them; but the inquiry was put, and understood by James, in its restricted signification, and the reply meant simply that as yet none of the "Free and Independents" had arrived.

And while Mr. Crumpleside is busy with his chop, we may as well take reportunity of informing our readers who the "Tree and to were. They were a kind of club, consisting solely of cone colors—a club, though, without any runes of management us, cutrance-less or ballot-boxes, having no list of m as, cuttance-fees or ballot-boxes, having no lost of members, no at-looks, no president (except that one old fellow always sat in the run-chair beside the fire), having, in fact, none of those fussy regulations, eithout which it is supposed no club can hold together; yet it was homoghly well known who were and who were not considered members of the club, and, consequently, entitled to admission to the little room uptairs, where they invariably met three evenings in the week. New members were occasionally introduced by old ones, and were welcomed, but no transfer ever had attensied to set in.

bers were occasionally introduced by old ones, and were welcomed, but no stranger ever lead attempted to get in.

By the time Mr. Crumpleside had finished his dimer, some four or five "Tree and Independents" were assembled. It is by no means our intention to report the conversation that ensued; it turned on ordinary matters, wholly irrelevant to the progress of this veracious history. At length, however, Mr. Crumpleside detailed the argument he had had with Bellamy, Loud was the laughter of the "Fire and Independents" at poor Bellamy's expense; very severe were they on domesticity in general, and upon matrimony in particular. And more severe than all the rest upon the subject was Mr. Bumpas, the old gentleman who sat in the armedia ir beside the fire.

pon the subject was Mr. Bumpas, the old gentleman who sat in the armhair beside the fire.

"Poor devi's!" he exclaimed, alluding to married men in general, "I
ity them. What with scolding wives and squalling brats—Well, well,
hank Heaven, I have had common sense enough never to run my neck
nto the noose; and what's more, confound me I I ever mean to."

At this there was a general laugh, for Mr. Bumpas was already sixty.

"Ah! you may laugh," continued he, "because you think I'm not so
oung as I have been; but I can tell you my feelings have always been
he same—ay, even when I was the age of this young chap, my nephew,
here."

here."

The young chap thus alluded to was a man of thirty, with large black whiskers, but (probably from long years of subjection to his uncle, upon whom he was entirely dependent) possessed of the timid manners of a boy—at any rate, when in his uncle's presence. He was rather a sneaking-looking fellow altogether, and would endure any amount of bullying from his wealthy uncle—who, by-the-bye, it was reported, did not treat him in the most liberal manner possible. One fact was evident. Mr. Willis's wardiobe was in a state of worfal sceainess; and, moreover, Mr. Willis was never seen with Boungs, the schiom went out anywhere but with his uncle, and then Mr. Boungs inversibly myll for what he head as he would was never seen with money. He seldom went out anywhere but wit nucle, and then Mr. Bumpas invariably paid for what he had as he w

for a child.

"And Jack thinks just as I did," went on Mr. Bumpas—"at least, he'd better; if I thought he ever dreamt of marrying, I'd kick him out of doors

better; if I thought he ever dreamt of marrying, I'd kick him out of doors to-morrow."

Mr. Willis cast down his eyes and looked confused—he even blashed. He hastened, however, to assure his uncle that there was not the slightest ground for fearing anything of the kind. But Mr. Crumpleside had observed the downcast look, the blush, and the confusion. He knew not what to make of it. Was it the man's natural timidity merely, or was it conscious guilt? Could be be contemplating matrimony? Or worse—could it be that he was already married, and had obtained admission to the "Free and Independents" under false pretences? Mr. Crumpleside said nothing, but he pondered deeply on the matter.

Now Mr. Crumpleside had announced his intention, as we have seen, of taking but one glass of brandy and water. He had, in the course of the evening, however, had that glass refilled more than once—or twice; and when he rose to go, he had no very clear idea how many he had really taken. Nor did he know precisely what o'clock it was when he departed. Still he left early, for when he got into the street, he saw that some of the shops were not yet closed. As he went out, the waiter handed him a small square hamper which had been left for him in the course of the evening.

"All right Januer" he coaleigned as he treek it force him. It was

evening.

"All right, James," he exclaimed, as he took it from him. It was rather heavy, but he didn't mind it. He would get a eab directly. And he laughed within himself as he walked off with his Christmas dinner beneath his arm, thinking of his friend Bellamy's denunciation of the dreadful erime of dining upon sucking pig on Christmas Day. "So I deserve hanging for it, eh? No, no. Fgad, hanging was far too good for me."

wondered what the time was, and as he was just passing one of the He wondered what the time was, and as he was just passing one of the few shops still leit open, he turned towards the window in order to look at his watch by the light of the gas, which was flaving behind the magnificent plate glass. In noing 20, whether it was the brandy and water that had rendered his feet pusteady, or—us he assured himself at the time—some careless boy had thrown a piece of orange-peel upon the pavement on which he slipped, it matters little. The result in either case was that he missed his focting, and the humper which contained his

a collision, which sent that luckless gentleman sprawling upment, where he was collared by the excited shopkeeper and blees again, with a degree of roughness not excete i his notions of politeness. When, however, he expay for all the damage done, the manner of the shopkeeper strangely. He hoped the gentleman had not been heat for a merest accident in the world—he was inexpressed years, said to All which was highly satisfactory, but did not in the heat of the poor Crumpleside in his delemma. He could not have account much. What the amount of damage done was estimated as say, but it was enough to take all the money that he hed also it has still to leave a halmer due to the proprietor of the

morest becident in the world—he was inexpressedly some and a few trades on the body of the properties of the body of the could make help a subject to the properties of the could make make and a few trades and ching make help a could make make and a few trade and and a few trades and ching make help a few to the properties of the could make the stop, he call pressed it tighter to his body, as though the very it had put him to had rendered it user ever a few the him to had created the stop, he call pressed it tighter to his body, as though the very it had put him to had rendered it user ever. So mechas wait, a closest to the children that have caused them need unitary make a closest to the children that have caused them need unitary make a closest to the children that have caused them need unitary make a closest to the children that have caused them need unitary make a close to the children that have caused them need unitary make a close to the children that have caused them need unitary make a close to the children that have caused them need unitary make a close to the children that have caused them need unitary make a close to the children that have caused them need to the make the could not a close to the him of the him to the children that had been gradually shipping downwards, and was coming somewhat of a naismee, he turned out of the main theroacher was in, to take a rhort cut he was a well acquainted with, which would into the cabstand he wanted. It was a louely dismant place he turn into, tis true. What then? With a melaceholy saide he ratected the was in odages of this cream him to the children was not a little startled to observe a street-door standing open. I then the him to the

(doubling him completely up for the instant), and then darted up the court.

Away ran Mr. Crumpleside, he know not whither. He heard a sprung behind him, and he saw the light from a policeman's but. I flashing upon the houses on each side of the court. Then he turned short off into another narrow alley leading out of the former one. He heard the policeman's rattle answered by another in an opposite direction; that again answered by a third, and then a fourth—a fitth. The whole neighbourhood seemed alive with rattles. Still he went on through a long labyrinth of courts, all running into another, and at last emerged in a large open street—he had no notion where.

However, no matter in what street he was, he saw before him, to his intense delight (for it must be extremely late) and no less surprise—an omnibus! Into this vehicle he sprange. He knew not, cared not, whither it was going to; and as the omnibus drove off, he sank exhausted on the seat—his pig beside him. And he was only just in time, for he beheld had of his late pursuers emerging from the court, and looking up and down the street in search of him.

So Mr. Crumpleside sat quietly in the darkest corner of the omnibus

of his late pursues charging them the darkest corner of the omnibes of Mr. Crumpleside sat quietly in the darkest corner of the omnibes. He did not dare put out his head to ask whither they were going, lest a should be discovered. He felt that he was now indeed a criminal. Before he had been only taken on suspicion—an accident which may occur to the most guiltless. But now he had actually assaulted an officer in the execution of his day. most guiltless.

cution of his daty!

The only other passenger in the omnibus was a young woman, who sopposte to him, and who he observed was in tenrs, and carried someth that looked like a baby pressed to her boson beneath her shaw! But Mr. Crumpleside was in no mood to notice her, or trouble himself along the cause of her grief. He had not been two minutes in the omnibus before, overcome by the unusual fatigues he had gone through that night he fell asleep.

And he aid not awake until he was aroused by the conductor, who reformed him that the omnibus had reached its destination, and he forming where the destination they had reached might be, upon which he had the cution of his duty!

and the constraints on ay include very opposite heality to that the fire was taken on ay includence it is own home; the healing and a leading of the conductor, when at

The felt in his perkets with the case of a part to conductor, when at one the hourds of a case the hourds of a case the hourds of a case of a case of the part of the case of a case of the part of the case of the case of the part of the case of the case of the part of the case of the case of the part of the case of the case of the part of the case of the case of the part of th

that gentleman.

Good Heavens!" cried Crumpleside, amazed beyond all expression.

at that gentleman.

Good Heavens!" cried Crumpleside, maazed beyond all expression. a "Is it alive?"

"It seems so," answered the policeman drily.

"Ols, no! impossible! Absurd!" replied the owner of the pig. "I was most solemnly assured that it was kided on Thurselay."

"Killed!" said the officer. "Pray, sir, may I inquire what it is?"

"Eh? What? Oh, yes: you ask what it is, "stemmered firth Mr. trumpleside, as he held the harm of the pig. I had at this moment a loud by rang through his ears—so totally unlike any sound that any kind of pig had ever yet been known to utter, that in his terror he let go his hold, and the hamper fell into the read. The lid few open, although Crumpleside was certain it was scennely tied down when he got it: and as the light of an adjacent gas-lamp streamed down on it, what words can picture his dismay, his horror, at hence that in the breket, which he thought contained the pig, a living, kieking, soreaming haby!

What could he do—or say—or think? Nothing but stand and gaze in stupid wonderment upon the homper and its strange contents. And when he found himself a second time that night in custody—when he was told a second time that he must go to the station-house and gaze some explanation of the humper, he could only walk on silently, be wildered, lost, by the policeman's side. And when the officer reported the words that Mr. Crumpleside had uttered, to'd of his wender at 'he child being still alive, and of his having said he thought it had been killed on Thursday, he was not the least surprised at his being locked up upon a charge of inciting to nur'er. And then the bedy was examined carefully, and pinned upon its areas was found this heig locked up upon a charge of inciting to nur'er. And then the bedy was examined carefully, and pinned upon its areas was found this to'e:—

"CRUEL MAN,"

Not for all this world would I rid mycelf of my little dailing in the way that you propose. You say our narriage must be kept a secret, it cannot—shall not be. Here is our taby. If you will not

Poor Crumpleside could only solemnly assure the officer on duty he had never been married in his life. It was true he was a member of the club

reor been married in his life. It was true he was a member of the club added to—
"Oh, he was—was he?" The officer thought that admission an important one, tending to prove that there was no mistake about the matter.
And Mr. Crumpleside was beken up for the night.
The next day—Christmas Day—he asked if he could not go out, provided he got bail; but to his horrer was informed that the offence of which he was necessed precladed all thoughts of such a thing—at any rate, he must first go before the magistrate, and being Christmas Day, of course he did not sit; so he must make the best of it till the next morning.
And then the arguments of Bellamy came back to him. He find objected when his friend first wished him a Merry Christmas; now he would have to spend his Christmas Day in prison. Would the other words of Bellamy be verified? Was he indeed in danger of hanging because he bought a sucking-pig for dinner upon Christmas Day?
Crumpleside had no money to send out for anything; so he was forced to put up with the wretched fare provided for the prisoners, and as the time for dinner came, and he smelt the roast-heef and the pudding being servedup for the Superintendent's Christmas dinner, how very nice he thought they seemed, and what a fool he must have been to say he couldn't aine upon such tool to-day!

And so the Christmas Day massed off, and the next morning came, when

for dinner came, and he smelt the reast-beef and the pudding being servedup for the Superintendent's Christmas dinner, how very nice he thought
they seemed, and what a fool he must have been to say he couldn't dine
upon such 100d to-day!

And so the Christmas Day passed off, and the next morning came, when
he was to appear before the magistrate. Bellamy had been sent for, and
he recounted what had passed between them. But little good he did his
friend. His evidence that Crumpleside had told him that it was a suckingpig in the hamper went for nothing, and as to the prisoner's despising the
festivities of Christmas, the magistrate, who was a family man himself,
considered that told very much against his general character. So Crumpleside was remanded on the charge until further inquiries could be made
into the matter, the magistrate refusing to take [vi].

Once more he was locked up, and left to his own thoughts. It reemed
to him as if escape were hopeless. All circumtances appeared to conspire
against him. The magistrate evidently thought him guilty; so did the
public who were present when he was examined. Nay, so it seemed, did
nis friend Bellamy, for though he was still kind to him, his manner was
reserved and cold, and he appeared to stin nim. In fact, Mr. Crumpleside
himself almost began to doubt, and wonder whether it were really possible
that he had married, starved his wife, and recommended the assassination
of his baby, without knowing it. Well, he could only wait until an explanation of some sort arrived

It did arrive. Late in the evening he was informed a lady wished to
speak to him, and on her being shown into his cell, he was somewhat
surprised to recognize his fellow-passenger in the omnibus.

Oh, Mr. Crumpleside!" she said, "how can you ever pardon me
for the annoyances I have cansed you?"

You, madam," he replied. "I really have not the pleasure—"
"Allow ne," sie continued. "I really have not the pleasure—"
"How he will be suppled to a married to him at the club.

"The child found in your

od Heavens! I remember-the note pinned to the baby's dress,"

"On, no! no! "she hurriedly explained. "He could not be so have es that. His proposition that I would not heartf, was to send 11 to the

as that. This plot alon that I would not hear of, was to some work.

And Mr. Crumpleside danced shouldely densed for joy, to think his innocence, as thus established, and that no man for was intended after all. He felt as if he could have kissed the woman that stood crying hefore him, pite of his former propose congainst the case.

"Stop, by the boye, though," he excluded "and how about my pig?" "Pandon, a thousand purbons," Mrs. Wiles Could. "I stole if. I was obliged to corry sound large out of the complex vitil me, or the conductor would have missed my bady. But it shall be returned to you. Though I was nearly starsing yesterday, and sorely tempted, I would not touch it for my Christmas dineer."

"No, no, no of course not; Bollany was right. Never ent pig on Christmas Pay."

It was too late to go through the necessary forms that night, so Crumpleside remained in prison. Early next morning, honever, he was let out, and the first use he may of his recovered liberty was to go straight to the counting house of Mr. Emphas, and internal but of the marriage of his nephew. The rage of the old man at the intelligence was rightful to behold. He cursed his nephew (who was cented on a high stool opposite him, and who only long his bend in silence), and seemed as though he intended to administer personal classisterant; but Mr. Crumpleside interposed; and then he reasoned with the irate o'd gentlemun, using anguments that perfectly astenished even himself, pointing out the deligible of married life, and painting in the brightest colours the charms of family affections. It was perfectly wonderful where an old bachelor like Mr. Crumpleside could have found such are unents all at once. But they were all in vain, however. Old Mr. Bumpas only seemed to get more and more angry as he went on. At length, he started up, his face crimson with rage, and, with an oath, screamed rather than said,

"Leave my house both of you—you, Willis, and you, Crumpleside. Never let me see your faces again!"

"But, my dear eig," said Mr. Crumpleside, endeavouring to pacify him again.

"Gall" shorted ble address of the content of t

in. (to !" shouted the old man.

"Go.!" *kentel the
"But, Mr. Bumpas'
"Go.!"
"But, reatly, sir"—
"Go. Go.!" And in
that his visiter. It fo

"But, ready, cir"—
"Go, co.!" And in his fury Mr. Bumpas seized an ink-stand and hurled it at his visiter. It fortunately mixed bins, or it mixed have killed him, but it passed near enough to spill the whole of its contents that in his free.
"Never min!, Willis," said Mr. Crunples'de, wasing the ink off, and making long superrs of black, right down his visage, as leth left the reom and stood upon the landing outside. "Never mind. As long as I'ven penny, no ther you nor that pretty little wife of years shall want one. I only be kind to her, my boy, that's all."
"Confound you, you meddling idiot," said Mr. Willis, to his would be beneficted. "You've ruined me. Take that!"
And before Mr. Crumpleside could say a word, Willis had given him a kick, which, standing as he was cheeky by the stairs, and him from top to boftom. Willis walked past him as he lay upon the mat, taking no further notice of him.
"I'll prosecute the secondrel for the asseult," sail Mr. Crumpleside, as he got up; "but, for all that, his wife shall not be left to starre."

There was a knocking at the door.

Ar. Crumbeside looked up, and was surprised to find himself at hence, and lying in his own bed. "Come in," he sold, need anceally; and his old faithful housekeeper, his. Deakin, put her head in through the doorway.

"I heg your pardon, sir," she said; "but what time would you like to have the rire?"

"The yiel."

"The pie! What pig P"
"The one you brought from town, sir."
"Is it alive!"

Tor, s'r!"

No, no—I don't mean that. Come here, Mrs. Donkin, if you please. I me—how did I get here?"

Well, sir, you came home in a cab, sir, about five o'clock this morning."

Drunk, Mrs. Donkin!"

Oh, really, sir—I"—

"Drunk. Mrs. Ponkin!"

"Oh, really, sir—I"—

"Drunk. Mrs. Donkin!—say the word."

"Well, then, sir, if I mest tell you, you certainly were a little. It was as much as the cabman and the hey could do to carry you up-stairs, sir."

"Mrs. Donkin—another question. Where did I come from P"

"The cabman said, sir, he brought you from the 'Crown,' in—

Street."

"The dence be did. One word more, Mrs. Donkin. What day is it?"

"Lor, sir! Why, Christmas Day!"

"Hurrah! hurrah!" cried Mr. Crampleside: and he kicked about so violently that Mrs. Donkin was rushing from the room, thinking that he was getting up. "Don't go, don't go," be added. "What's o'clock p!"

"Two, sir," said Mrs. Donkin. "It's time the pig was roasting. What time did you say you'd bave it?"

"Not at all—never! Sucking-pig on Christmas Day! Fetch me a cab, ma'am!"

Bellamy and his family were just sitting down to table. The dining-room was decked with helty, the five crackled cheerfully, and the beef was smoking deliciously before them, when a thundering rat-tat at the door aunounced a visiter.

"Who the deuce can it be?" said Bellamy, and he began guessing. "It isn't Jones's knock; it cannot be So-and-so, or So-and-so." And he went over most of his acquaintance; shot he never even thought of Crumpleside.

eside. Yet it was Crumpleside who was shown in. "Hallo, old fellow I" Bellan, y exclaimed in amozement, " Delighted to you. Come, now; see, dinner's on the table. Can you for once consent

"Hallo, old fellow I" Bellany exclaimed in anazement, "Delighted to see you. Come, now; see, dinner's on the table. Can you for once consent to—"

"Bellany," said the visitor, interrupting him, "I've come on purpose to avail a visit of your bind invit tien."

"Bellany," and belief invit tien."

"Bellany," A penitent! a convert! Sit down, and you shall tell us breand-by what miracle has led to your conversion. Here, the this chair by the fire; you seem cold!"

And Mr. Caupleside sat down, and of that happy party no one erjoyed that thoroughly "convertional" Christmas dimer more than did Mr. Crumpleside; and in the evening, when forfeits, blindman's buff, and other Christmas "conventionalities" care on, Mr. Crumpleside entered into the spirit of the thing, romping as boisterously, laughing as loudly, as the youngest child amongst them.

Ho told his dream; which furnished a fresh fand of any seem for the party, and Bellamy declared he knew it would be so. What could a man expect who sneered at firp, and got tipsy upon bready upon Christmas Eve, who bought a sucking-pig for dinner upon Christmas Day instead?

"And do you think Willis is really married?" Mr. Crumpleside inquired. "Married! Not be, the sellish, miserly secundred. He thinks a great deal too much of his money to dream of any luxury so expensive. For, he has money, though you wouldn't think it, seeing the way in which he dresses and behaves. But what do you say—shall we have mother game?"

"Anything," Mr. Crumpleside replied, "that is the regular thing for Christmas."

"Cood! Cool!" cried Ballamy, delichted, "a perfect cure! You will not try pig grain at Christmas, the "Nothing lut roast beef and plann." "ag," Mr. Crumpleside said to-lemnly, "upon the Lonour of a gentlem."

"Not ling lut roast beef and plann." "ag," Mr. Crumpleside said to-lemnly, "upon the Lonour of a gentlem."

"Not you will not refuse another Christmas Eve to come home with a friend and help lim to brew his fip."

"Never! unless, indeed," and Mr. Crumpleside looked enviously round up

my own account, the alrewer of the attempt. Then's the account of the foliation of non-account of the foliation of the foliat

A CRIME ". " " D. E. "S CH ISTMAS STORY. autier r. rect

Procedure to C.
The vector of Lord to you will tendes me, like, and procedure.
At our tree eyes, and beautic.
That's not the coming of t.
Edins, et an times love.

Twas on the care eigeteenen of June,
We were to a less at the Keen —
Eur, Panea ! thought ouch a tune.

The dead are described by the know it all;
My sourced giver's enough to tell.
I was with time who pass's the wall,
And held the viole subtribed to the Me
They drove us out at too trainer and.
A Buddog's plusik, on onth, I if bud
By Jove! it's wanted for the Bears.)

There were the trenel cs-here the well; The cay was lest I a between law,
We straight o'er tri ladocks! If
Of straightened founds, the slopes that strew.
I was lost if think, to tune
A Cosses associates (in which but fair!)
I braight him with I own conggrue,
I and hands convey one chumney there.

I ran line vie t (no lane in that)
The tame two a mane it e is dear,
I tripple by rest and transfer that
Over a commen's ron, near.
A sund escipal—the voice of comments to the role.
Then to act, who has now home with me.
The Russians' snow aromed us flex,
My transfer broken—as you see.

We true to he to the many state of the could not speak.

On tout, his tace! The could not speak.

I serve him with one arm, and mounted;
The bood keet flowing —I was work.

I struggled, strain'd, the trunch was high,
There with its sheat my stones and mud.

To see a triend before you die,
For want or just a little blood!

I stove and tagged—I could not stand, Let would not tail—Paritt him yet.

Tom societs of fant, not steed any fatal—II. I care I never shall lorget.

It cross no mad—the scene west round, has his were not. I, shall the half I recia amount upon the ground—And now's the samest of my instance.

They should have left us there to die,
"I was War's grim fortune- but 'tweuld seem,
They'l watch'd us from the tranen herd by (ich, well) it's ide in agy accurt)

A light boil'd bay, with becomes 1;

(I'd mark'd kim, thi the baste's end.

Fighting like mad!) has seen not trip.

And try to save (whold no.?) by friend.

He saw my arm in crimen step'd,

"Pil save them both," It choshead cried;
And from the trenches out be leap'd,
A buffet strace, him—and hi died!
In vain I strace, him—and it not;
Pour Tom by constrain,
And he was kalen, and ali—for what?

Poor lad! he was a lady's son
(A double! Christmas her's to-day!)
I've often wander'd would she shun
My presence, should I can to say
How have he look'd -how bold and free,
In that short breatings space of time—
How well he carely—but 'two for me,
And she would hate me—there's my crime.

And she would hate me—there's my crime.

Would she believe me, did I say
I would have bought his life with mine?
For what was I?—a wa I and stray
(benee Ton was dead). What triends would pine
I have to make the market of the state of the first.

Notz.—The above incoders is but a very slight embelli lement of the first. Lieutenant his i not has death, noter the disastrous after of the 18th of June, in a horse attempt to rescue a wounded solvier in the manner indicated.

Wassail! massail! Yo merry men, hall, Who brightened the days of oal; What brace cenerits, and humorome feds, Are ago our fathers bud. It is made clime, unto vesper time, They revelled in earlies plee.
And deneed at right with spirits as light As the notes of their missively.

rill wassnil! At the knight's regale the signal for deep content of the signal for deep content to the signal for the joye us tone contant a pricely house;

as to joy their medicia's lot.

"V wassell cried the yearan bale, where did a common bale, where did a common bale and trade where the smooth selected.

The cot meanwhite, he are by the smile of a frank good hearted math, and free to all who meant chance. It, Was the happiest place on cutth!"



(DESIGNED BY BIRKET FOSTER.)



GALLERY! BOXES; PIT.-(DESIGNED BY PHEA)

CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES.

BY TOMUND II. YALLS.

(See Illustration, page 1.)

CHRISTMAS PANT OF MINES.

(See Illustation, page 1.7)

Hatepast six o'cleek on the evening of the 2sin of December. A sharp, buter evening, the sheet driving in heavy chaids, and such sharp goats of wind rushing over Waterbox Bridge, and from the neighbourhood of the river generally, that the crowal assembled opposite a large building in one of the street's leaning northward man be Strand, find their Christmas good-lumour seeds tired, and dock their heads into the collars of their greateoats, drowning therein any anzys word that may have risen to their lips. Searcely the salf-hour yet, though the red-facet man in the front rank declares it must be nearly indunent, from the length of time has been standing there, and, blessed in he thinks if it wasn to for from and Billy (two little urchins sticking closely to has skirts), that he'd give up his glass of grog and his quiet jupe for the best pantonnine that ever was put upon the stage. For it is to witness a pantonnine that the crowd is assembled. See the commons placards stuck against the walls of the theatre, amouncing that "Harlequan Sage and Onions; or the Manager and Duck and the haclanded Stathing," is the Christman treat provided for its patrons. Clang! The half-hour rings out from tacuty neighbouring church clocks, and as the sounds echo through the air, a dul, rumbling noise announces to those nearest the door that the long-clocked-for moment has arrived. The crowd sways undecidedly for an instant, then a rush is made; the money-takers at the plant gallery enti-ness leptien their has upon their heads, and await their doom. Fifty daty hands grasping the required admission fee are pusied similarmonsly through the aitle pageonities, ma as unceremoniously pushed back again by the maddened money-taker, who roars, in a stentoman voice (sundhered by the wooden partition behind which he is lurking turseen). "One at a time." Coat-this part company with their skirts, ownerless sticks and hats fell from the beat of the stairs on to the heads of the crowd below: wome

"Quick, shake with laughter all the town, As nimble, mischief-making Clown!"

and that Herr Brunsohn (alias Tom Brown, of the "Haresfoot and Vampire," Drury Lane), is collecting himself for his first summersault and introductory "How are you to-morrow?" Let us imagine all these things, I say, and, turning to the house, take our first glance at

THE BOXES.

THE BOXES.

Here they are in all their glory, happiness, good-humour, and gennine mirth on the face of nearly every occupant. Here is the old grandfather surrounded by his daughter's progeny, as gay as the veriest child among them. He has been a playoor any time these sixty years, can recollect Joe Grimaldi as Clown, Barnes as Pantaloon, and Ellar as Harlequin, remembers the palmy days of "Mother Goose," and tell atterwards (not in the theatre, though, he would get no listeners there—the next day when matters are being talked over) how Grimaldi used to play at two theatres in one night, and go from one to the other and bismuth. Here are the children, radiant and roaring with laughter, shouting at the Clown and all his pranks, having no pity for the buffeted old gentlemen nor the swindled tradesmen, nor the baby that is so unconsciously purloined from its mother and thing among the audience, falling desperately in love with the Columbine, being rather frightened at the ghosts who dance round the bed where the Clown and Pantaloon pass such an uncomfortable night, being thrown into cestacies at the blue and red fires and all the pyrotechnic display, and returning home with their future pursuit in life clearly developed in their own minds, and determined that nothing less than sheer brate force shell prevent their becoming Harlequin, Clown, and Columbine, as soon as they are of a fit and proper age. Here are papa and mamma delighted at the delight of their darlings. Here is Mr. Fliney, fire-and-ac indent reporter to another moraing paper, who has been sent to "do" a notice of the pantomime, the regular dramatic critic being engaged at another theatre, and who, being utterly ignorant of the drama, goes home to his lodgings when the play is over, and while the shivering printer's boy is sleeping in the passage, writes an elaborate notice, not only of the pantomime, but also of "George Barnwell," which he treats as a new and original play, but one scarcely "suited to the exigencies of the modern British stage."

THE P mitth on the face of searchy corp; supports, good-humour, and gennine mitth on the face of searchy corp; supports and the face of searchy corp; supports and the face of searchy corp; supports and the face of search and the face o

found in that any state or tarlatun and much in which they appear on

THE GALLERY.

No description of the garbey of a metropolitan theatre on Boxing-night can possibly be given. It is a close, a confused mass of shint-deeves, fustrius, and telefor handlerenets, of whattis and cat-calls, screams, yells and tightes, of shoets for "Arr-cell" "Bul Josones," "Mu-sic," "Tippety-witenet," and "first Coulins," of diabolical joidels and fierce invectives, of suspended founcts and lost has, of warm poster and sodden oranges, of escaped ges and extract perspiration, of policemens' staves and single combacs and stoden handlereness, of tlack eyes and hourse voices, and manufin of content, and country and after?

OLD FATHER CHRISTMAS.

(See Wastrelien, page 181

Ir, in this round of worldly strife.

This daily, tomone, strugging gund,
This battle hald which we can late,
It he allowed us e'er to ind
A time when these a least oppress,
When better, purer to has time,
When loss and can are thought of less,
And man is nearer to the skies:

The now, when once more from his lair Old Lettier Unristings issues forth, Impregnating our mursy are With lating blasts from east and north; See, here he saids; a gaint hind, Sworn foe to cannity and gaine, His from with holly branch entwined, His fips wreathed in a jolly smite.

Around him sport, on not a wings,
An humared thousand little tas.
Who, each succeeding year, he brings
Back to the scenes of former days—
Back to the homes where east they dwelt,
he heath had be chould there any y:
They see her at whose feet they kneit,
Who caught their nap ag ups to pray.

They see him, whose o'ethlonded brow Would clear and bright n when they came: Though turrows mark his lorehead how, It is eye with kinamess teams the same: And both—the hasband and the whe—Submissive to the chastening rod, Yet speak of those whose eartidy hie Is ended, and who dwell with God.

Hail, Father Christmas! Come, and bring Thine answert measurement and glee;
Their gladdest peats the bells shall ring
la honour of the savere sity.
Grantic logs of the shall blaze,
The siriou on the bound shall smoke; Old men forget their kingth of days, in many a bygone song and joke.

Welcome, thrice welcome! By thine aid,
Thou kindest season of the year,
The shadow o'er ran's life will tade,
And i. to darkness disappear:
His blessings shall him doubly bless,
His purer, better thoughts shall rise,
His worldly hopes be thought of less,
And he be nearer to the skies!

E. H. Y.

CHRISTMAS IN AUSTRALIA.

BY WILLIAM ROWITT.

(See Illustration, page 409.)

There is no holly stack up in chatches or in locative and traps, by There is no holly the bose, in cell, so in some traps, by manginative but it did not succe. Well, then, you say, a flav can. There were seed, parties, and tremains, wither Christmas Tree, and heat it was up with logar spate or intamorphoses of the world around theory is on Chaisens shat up shop a noto-chain, and estimate a contribution state which and estimate a European Christmas as Lequinaan hadalou up in a crisches.

In the Buth they do not not relie to the contribution with an energic state memorial state.

shat up stop c, no to charab, and est to a content of both see not a Engineaux landaleu up in to a seed.

In the Buch that do not not seed out of the content of a seed of a not seed of a not seed out of the content of a not seed out of the content of a not seed out of an another out of the content of an another out of the content out of the content out of the content out of the content out of a not seed o

their family. The clergymum is sent for, and they are on the lookout him. The poor old man and his some, how are they going to etheir Christmas? It does not look as though it were by any meanerily.

Captain Blantyre is, in fact, an old half-pay officer, who has stars through the long peace, for the runst part of it on the pay of a latenant. In the usual course, having no interest and hutle money, he seem scores of beardless but anisteered a hay put over his head. He is only two children himself, lops now nearly grown the Has caucal them on the Continent, and well too, has by the tensors tertebing of meagre purse, and here they are us a lasts adventure. They have be twelve months on the diagone, and the end of all their toising a broiting is that they are to moor to a such have. Now, indeed, I have got a good claim—a reasy a mention of the they commot wer. They have not numbers or play to make the they commot wer. They have not numbers or play to make the pound out of it, within a new year of the tax of the they commot wer. I we pennyweight edite?

Various diggers, and the Teilid he offered to join them, but the old non the family seemed to keep themselves why much a critical active teaming their hut and tools, and both father and mous and worked early a late to construct the newscary machinery, a late wat rewheel, pump to worked by it. They had none been a machiner of the machinery was complete, and they had fasted it, should a dam by means of which to drain to the machinery was complete, and they had fasted it, should a dam by means of which to drain to the machinery was complete, and they had fasted it, should a dam by means of which to drain to the deal man and worked early a late to construct the reasonable, for they saw that when easy of well it to drain to the machinery was complete, and they had fasted it, in machinery and they saw this catastrophe several times reputatel, and said. The when they saw this catastrophe several times reputately, and said. The men will never do it? They conditions the faller

sell their horse, and employ some men for a day or two—all that we necessary.

"Sell the horse!" exclaimed the father, "and then sit. fast here, if we find no gold. Sell the horse, indeed! and be naked down for ever to the cursed spot."

"Then let some of our neighbour in the case of the cursed spot."

"Ay," says the father emptisity, "and let be rearry off haif the No doubt they are ready enough to snatch at it.

"But, dear father," says Laonard, "we shell that et it withous her "No, of course," replies the old run angrily. "The course we not we read oget it. It is not our luck; it never was, and I expect it never will be Anybody but us can get it; any fool, any rogue, any good-for-not scamp—they can get it; and spend it as fast in rum. These are the lows who have the luck, devil take them."

HAUSTRATED TIMES.

was the scene in the order this tent on the Christian event. The two youths set confounded and greatly must. There was a stence, except for the lum of the way in the conton, which toke out — "And what is to use, I should night the instance need. That, wont had the gold up out of the chosen, I it

ere?"

The started into the cycs of the youths. They recently should be the weak but know maily what to dee? they see to even other; this is areafall to and wan depend here; they set the et to their father's dome. Leave at the relative measurement in that his father wanted search her to structher and condense a condense of to the starts about two mass of an are river. The conversal life to be set their life, and he easy of the expectation of the starts and the leaves of the starts and the starts and the starts and the starts and the starts are such as the starts and the starts and the starts are such as the starts and the starts are such as the starts are su

pals.

resulted that the place and tolerane cover shorts, po. W.

The Late of the particular cover shorts.

command with the responsibility of the least of the least of the responsibility of the restablishment of the responsibility of the responsibility of the r

Total Fabilish the wolown a twenty formulate a difference of energy. Where we are held tokered for the clause, and variable persons into his cast and drove many. There we a there will be been done into his cast and drove many. There we a there will be been at heatern a the beautiful or seeing that, would not have voltared to the great how held on the point of pratices, a quarter of a point.

The hands and parter of a point heatern heatern is rated.

The man stadeony thrust if hard.

In the heatern had been and heatern heatern to buck into his store.

The man stadeony thrust if hard her many is a possible to heat his parter of his parter of his fact.

In the had hastened home, and, as we have well, the next day the rough but posserous nam, "you will have, or if you mever have, mat's all cure," and as no buck into his store.

Is many distinct his store.

Is many distinct the religion were well has reborn the great fire, with a wonderful army of pots ind kinds, in her up their isks by means of sticks thank under their hunders, and person, in every now and then. The deep man had been and matried the great, in every now and then. The deep man had been and matried the great is a very now and them, for the child was two months old. The cleary can had tright of 15 some other call, and was evidently expected hack every in hade, for all leads were constantly turning at the direction of the way has one. But iss! poor Captaia Blantyre! He was in the utage to whom. But iss! poor Captaia Blantyre! He was in the utage to whom he had ever been in England in July.

He was in a state of desperate irritability. "Those," much had ever been in England in July.

He was in a state of desperate irritability. "Those," much had ever been in England in July.

He was in a state of desperate irritability. "Those," with the way when people were ling the Great way. "And, dear lather," said to each may had not been and fresh latter, and the state way. "And, dear lather," said to each may had not be proved the sawny steak, the heatinally beine

Ale! potatoes! and how ald you o them? Where did the

From the store, of course," said Leonard; "it is a little Chr"

there for you."
"Had you money to pay for them?" asked their father.

becomed paused a moment, and then said. "No, dear father." of the may a quite willing to trust sac. I have always paid han, and always all."

"O Lord! O Lord! more debt! more debt!" exclaimed the old man, throwing himself with a groun on his back, and again closing his eyes. "Dearcat father," said Leonard, "do oblige us by tasting the diamer; don't trouble yourself about the cost; it is really very little, and only think what a processor will be a strong little for softies."

The obtains a strong at the cost; it is really very little, and only this use is agon, "Well, wet, is a little for the softies."

ourrd, delighted, poured out a panishaful, and handed it to his father.

When a warriy eattered popul-tion a warring to a second chiral of arouse to a If their energies (a. N. a. venue) steeres a man a transfer of N. a. venue energy steeres and not their energies (a. N. a. venue) energy and the transfer of N. a. venue, the second transfer of N. a. venue, the second transfer of the energy and the new and th

Leonard, delighted, poured out a pasikinful, and handed it to his father. The old man took it, tasted it, and, cetting down the panikin with a few of intensest disgust, said, "Beer! Do you call that beer? It is posson! What might you give for that?"

"Only three shillings," said Leonard. "Is it not good?"

"Three shillings," said Leonard. "Is it not good?"

"Three shillings," said Leonard. "Is it not good?"

"The old man flung himes! down again, and, seice of the tens and entreaties of his sons, rejused to touch or trees; a series. Leonard she silently out of the but, and then burried to the said of the learned to the manual of the learned to the manual of the silently out of the learned to the learned to the manual of the learned to the manual of the learned to the learned to the manual of the learned to the learned to

s make by a positions of from Malabar to the carbon with the control of the contr

merchant of Sport proceed apparature. And was interested as a second control of the control of t

when I was roused by a heavy cannonading, and at once recollected my whereshout.

This year, Christmas in the camp will be a very different matter. Both the marale and the physique of the men will be wonderfully improved. When I came away comfortable huts were being fast creeted, must the roofs of which, no doubt, many a pleasant Christmas party will make, and drink the healths of absent friends; warm clothing too has been call out to the men, and they are in receipt of excelent rations and pay. Stimulated, moreover, by the successes already gained, and relieved from the archous duty in the trenches, the British army at present, well-fed, clothed, and housed, is not to be recognised for that band of dirty, half-starred, half-clothed, miserable wretches who last year spent their Christmas in the camp.



OLD FATHER CHRISTMAS,-(DESIGNED BY KENNY MEADOWS.)



CHRISTMAS GAMES .- (DESIGNED BY PHIL.)

CHRISTMAS AT SEA.

BY FITZ-URSE SWILLINGTON, R.N.

True first Christman I ever spirat infect, was in Marmoriee Roy, in the old Califors, Segon ship. It by an know Marmoriee Roy, in the old Califors, Segon ship. It is not known to the mouth of a Datesh bartler rot Axia Minner, nearly the mouth of a Datesh bartler protected by hills and lined by woods. The winder supardors were that the close of the Syrian war, in 18-10; and we that control the winder. We had polished of the Explains and other Externs with a decree of signar was been superficiently and the close of the Syrian war, in 18-10; and we had some interest was just at the close of the Syrian war, in 18-10; and we had some proper and the control of the Syrian war, and the Californ of the word of the swind bounds of the Syrian war, and the control bounds of the syrian was an and of countrion, in spile of his tame, for you see his progenitor under a lot of unoney in the Syria Yar, and syranged his borough for the daughter on a Whig peer, such that time the Hodger's horse good in a public money-lag to some purpose, that the the Hodger's horse good in a public money-lag to some purpose, the syrian should be some purpose, and the follows and the public money-lag to some purpose, the syrian should be some purpose, and the follows had been carry on the seem of war, where he dainguished housealt. That is to say, he took the fulform about of an syrhing, why they "warrely seeming" he had the pick of the station, of course, and the follows had been carry on the seem of war, where he dainguished housealt. That is to say, he took the fulform about and in syrhing, why they "warrely seeming" he had the pick and the sponder.

Ammonents in Marmoriee Bay were lively, though limited. There were raling parties going walls which they did not like any good to the syndrom the state of the state of

bauble in his grand old red paw-he should have had a gold t. hle in his grand old red puw—he should have had a gone. Doug el him to "wine," and his bow recalled Benbow and Cloude vell, and all those old heroes, whose coats we "chall," and who is we cannot enulate—who dined on junk and onions, and had land famous. If old Benbow could have looked in, just to sw. n a frendly way, that evening—how he would have stared! Wh

cidents of the feast. Where in Bolle 77. The guesse are feeding on his grave in the caunty of Norfolk 7 There he set. He was so beingly as to tell us one or two stories, at which it was our professional duty to bugh, and at which we did haugh. The captain of marines, Grimmer, whose graff voice, tight choker, red face, and manghity stories annised everybody, married in the decline of life the helfe of a gurrison town, and now people tell stories of nim. Our "bung" Slamme, the second master, who was such a white list that on his once being found veracious, we wrote up on a beam (marking the date), "Slamme told a positive fact." Slamme, I say, of the low forchead, long upper lip, black complexion, and hideous nose, now commends an East Lutiaman, and is himself commanded by a "serious" wife, who gets him into rows with his passengers for running short of fresh provisions. The commander has retired on half-pay, and moons about Plymouth in a blue great coat, incessantly criticising the war. Where are my brother young-ters? Musard went to the "Coast" in the Spider, was sacked for knocking down the gunner, and is sheep-farming in Australia. Bootle commanded a gun-boat at Sweaborg, and asserts that he chiefly did the business—which is only disputed by every other gentleman who was in the same position. Delby hore no for a purson (as we phrase it), and came to an anchor in a country vicanage, where he is doing more good than we ever hoped of him. The rest are scattered over the world, from the Indian Ocean to the smoking-room of the "Hag." The old Caliban herself is lying in "ordinary" in the Medway, yellow and gloomy, and most unlike the Caliban of fifteen years ago. I shall go down there some day, and moralise on her.

Cantain Boder retired pretty early. He did not wait for Tope's

the Caliban of fifteen years ago. I shan go to the control of the provided and the control of th

the Fourth dare have come abroad without his wig, his padding, his rouge, or the other constituents of his royalty.

After Bodger and some of the big men left, we set in for jellity. Tope sang a drinking song about Bacchus and joy, combining the mythology of the ancients with the morals of the "Green Man." The boatswain gave us a chant, of which I only remember—

"Lord, how they did stare,

When they seed their gallant-masts and yards

Come tumbling through the air!"—

one of those old songs breathing of the cannon and the can which you hear rising from the groups in the "waist," as the ship bowls along on a moonlight night. The old man remembered a whole set of them—some view in the Trafalgar men were boys.

As the doors opened occasionally for the admission of more het water, the distant sounds of the fiddle told that the whole ship was in a state of Suturnalian joility.

As the doors opened occasionally for the admission of more hed water, the distant sounds of the fiddle told that the whole ship was in a state of Siturnalian joility.

This was the kind of thing that went on in the old Caliban. I have pussed many Christmases afloat since. The leading elements are much the same where circumstances permit. But of course you can't always expect to be in harbour, and a ship at sea is a different habitation. Then one watch only can be joily at a time. Besides, there may be a gale of wind, and you may be in a small craft, and have nothing but ship's allowance to eat. But we stick to the business to the best of our means, you will be glad to hear. And whether it is balan's Bay and penunican, or the mouth of the Congo and tropical fruit, we do our best. There is an absurd utilitarianism about—a spirit which, in its mildest form, is stupid and vulgar, and which, in its graver shapes, is hypocritical and hideous—a spirit that wants to knock all the old festal fun of Europe on the head. Why are all old customs to be abolished to please bores? I'm for sticking to the fun of Christmas, if only as a protest against the notion that man is solely a money-grubbing animal, or solely a serious animal in any shape. Man is a larking animal, as Jigger of the Bustard observed at Malta when we serenaded our duns. At all events, he wants more amusement than he gets now-a-days, and Christmas is a time when amusement is tempered by other associations, and they (don't they?) mutually sweeten and elevate each other. Not that Pm a literary man, or have any gift for preaching on the subject, but there's the plain common sense of the thing, as we apprehend it at sea!

CHRISTMAS GAMES.

SPECULATION AND ACTING CHARADES.
(See Rinstrations, page 477.)

Speculation is the easiest game in the world. It is played as follows:—
Take probably the oldest joke of anybody's acquaintance—viz.—the one which asserts Speculation to be a word that frequently begins with the second letter—and act up to it, scrapulously. In other words, cheat horribly. Watch sedulously the movements and hands of your right and left neigh-Watch seculously the movements and names of your right and left legi-bours, and sweep into your lap or pocket, as the case may be, as many of their counters as the opportunity will admit of. As, at the conclusion of the game, the holder of the largest number of counters is pronounced the great-winner, the policy of such a course need hardly be dwelt upon. ACTING CHARADES, is a far more complicated game. To describe it would occupy at least half a column. We therefore prefer illustrating it by an example, which will probably absorb a column and a half.

FIELD MAR-SHALL. A CHARADE IN FOUR ACTS. PROLOGUE.

Scene, The Back-Parlour at Mr. Wideside's.

(A council of war deliberating on the best means of conducting the Siege of Sebastopol.)

Polly Wideside (aged 18). Oh! I must be General Simpson. He is

(A council of war deliberating on the best means of conducting the Siege of Sebastopol.)

Polly Wideside (aged 18). Oh! I must be General Simpson. He is such an old love! See, I'll put on Aunt Carry's spectacles and a paper cocked hat, and take the greengrocer's umbrella—So! Just look at me sitting in the trenches!

[She rehearses the part with the greatest éclat.]

John Wideside (her cousin, who takes in all the comic publications, and is learning to be severe).—I'm afraid, Polly, it would take an older woman than you to look that part properly.

Pelly.—Oh, get along! You go and be General Delia Marmora.

Lizy Lonside (in a talk, sugar-loof cap, accurately representing the umform of General Pelissien).—I'm dressing him, dear! There! and with those two peacock's feathers in his hat, he looks the very image of one of those Sardinian—whatever their name is!

Tommy Wideside (aged 10, on a three-and-sixpenny charger,* personifying the Allied cavalry generally).—The Besaglieri, of course. Not remember an easy word like that! Oh, you Wheekey!

Polly.—Tommy, don't be rule, or you shall only look on. (Tommy is N.B.—Tommy is the authority on all matters of military history, discipline, and a courtement. There is a Tommy mass large famines.

Bodger awed, and manageress his steed in a private corner.) New, do you found sty know your pares?

All.—Oh, yes! Polly,—Then let's go in—but, step! We haven't agreed what is to chartened. We can't make it the piano—because Nelly Crashington having Judian's Quadrilles—it won't do to besuge her. The big so

s or his constructions: — Here we are!

(the year borror! What are you?

c. I a Selectopol! What are you?

the hope typicking on in the second line) a sensition in the secret line).—I think, Waggin, me to the expense of that mask to look like a repu

Waggias.—But, don't you see the joke?

All canxiously expected t.—No!

Maggias.—But, don't you see the joke?

Mt quariously expectact.—No!!
Maggias. (who has paid five shillings at a masquerade warehouse for opportunity, and is determined not to lose it!s—Don't you understand; we got such a big head, and when you look at me see-cut o' poll.—In lizzy Lonsdale.—Oh, how good!

John Wideside (approximately for Colonet Winoham in the 2nd Act)—that what's the hearth-broom for?

Waggias.—The cheecus de frise, of course. (Laughter.)

Polly. There, never mind his rubbish. Come on! Rear rank! tale pen order! March!

. Starten:

-Oh—a deal you know about it. As if a general would say that,
Now, Tomary, you just be the cavalry properly—or you shall
Come on!

to h.d. Come on!

The exhibition marches on to the drawing-room in the following order—1. Wagoins, as Sebastopol (received with enthusiasm and manuscel with perplexity as to his purport). 2. Polity, a General Simpson, founding her notion of the character on her recollections of the last Christmas Pantaloons. 3. Lizzy, a General Pelissier, and John, as Della Marmona, (idealizating the French and Sardinian alliance in unnecessary propingnity). 4. The Allied forces generally, bearing brooms, banners and other warlike insignia, including a pleacard of "Haste to the Poll" (another device of Wagoins's, in allusion to the last spitched of the beleaguered city). 5. Tommy, caracoling splendidly, and Susan, the domestics, representing the astonished Crim Tarler population, by preping in at the door and wondering what it is all about 1.

Schastopol stands at one end of the room, threatening and immovable The Allied Generals (France and Sardinia stick much closer together the is warranted by the exigencies of the scene) come forward and reconnoitre. The Cavalry performs various evolutions (anxiously supported i Clara Mildmay, representing "the Staff," who is afraid he will tumble The Generals consult, make warlike and unfinching gestures, and expresin a general way, their determination to take the

ACT II.

ACT II.

Nelly Crashington makes terrific noises on the piano (founded on the Battle of Prague), representing a bombardment and threatened attack. Waggins, as Sebastopol, goes through comic business, indicative (albert obscurely) of that citatel tottering on its for indiation. The cavality (Tommy) charges the beleaguered city on his own hook, but is repulsed—his horse shot under him. Great success of Tommy in attending to his wounded charger (secret misgivings or Aamt Carry on the sofa, as to the probability of that boy growing up a play-actor yet). Enter the Ahied armies—led on by Generals Pellissier and Della Marmora (surely France cannot need so much support from the feeble arm of Sardima P), Colonel Windiana cheering on the British forces. They are repulsed by Sebastopol (enormous amount of inexplicable allegory on the part of Waggins). Russian troops in flat paper caps (modelled, by particular desire, by the pastrycook's man). Enter General Simpson in great trepidation. Trumphant comic business on the part of Polly, who hides under a round table, drawing her cloak over her head in the most natural manner. Colonel Windiana comes to ask for reinforcements. General Simpson appears to have no idea whatever on the subject. Disgust of Windham, who indicates graphically that the incapacity of his superior will everything Mart!

ACT 111.

The bombardment continues. The allied chiefs (with the exception of General Simpson, who convuises the audience by putting on a cotton nightean and going to sleep under the table) come forward expressing temporary discomiture, but invincible determination. They grasp hands (it is true that John Wideside grasps Lizzy Lonsdule's hand more fervently and continuously than General Della Marmora can be supposed ever to have grasped that of Marshal Pelissier) and shake their first at the beleaguered Waggius. (The latter conducts himself in a generaly funny manner—but a key is still wanting to his movements.) They declare that the fortress shall full. In a burst of simultaneous pantomime (accompanied by Cries of the Wounded from Nelly Crashington on the piano) they give the audience to understand once for all that it

The attack is renewed with unexampled vigour. Sebastopol Waggins totters about dreadfolly. (Suspicions on the part of Aunt Carry as to where Mr. Waggins has been dining.) Sofa pillows, toilet covers, and other terrible missiles fly about in all directions. An attempt is made to scale Waggins with a what-not. Horror! it does not reach up to his shoulder! Clara Mildmay is taken prisoner and locked in the granite arms of Sebastopol, who refuses to let her go. (This incident not having been rehearsed, the terrors of the scene are vastly augmented by the genuine screams of Clara.) The allies gain ground. Tommy (who has suddenly gone into the infantry) carries and ho ds a fortified position on the left wing of the sofa. (Panic among the old lady population, who evacuate the territory with bag and baggage.) The Russians in paper caps are mercilessly put to the walking stick and silk unbrella. Sebastopol totters more than ever, and is evidently about to fall. (Episade of Aunt Carry calling in Gayters to assist Mr. Waggins, for she is sure he needs it.) As a grand climax, Tenmy (inexplicably exchanged, a second time, into the artilery) lets off a cracker immediately in the rear of Sebatopol. Waggins is BLOWN UP! and falls prostrate on the door at UROF BLOOD-STAINED RUINS! The flags of England, France, and Sadinia (the arms of the standard-learers of the last two countries have got somehow enburgled) wave over the conquered city. Tommy prances about on his horse (mineutously recovered): Neily Crashington plays a triumphant melange of martial music, embracing God save the Queen, Petant pour la Syrie, the Eardinian Hymn, and Villikins and his Dinah, merging into a stirring version of Pop goes the Weasel, during which performance—

Enter Fame.

Her wings are composed of paper kites (kindly contributed by that distinguished cavalry-infantry-artillery officer, Tourny); her wreath is of harel, stolen from the Christmas-tree in the supper-room; her trumpet is the cornet-a-piston of John Wineside (alias General Marnora) upon which she is fortunately mable to make as much noise as is the owner of the instrument. She awards prizes to the various heroes of the siege. Having distosed of the French and Sardinian interests (more closely united than every, she is about to compensate the British heroes. To the astonishment of everybody, General Simpson gets up from under the table and claims the first prize. Fame, seeing no help for it, presents him with a bâten, and the drama closes on a tableau of General Simpson being made.

FIELD-Manshall!!!!

KNOTS AND QUEERIES.

TO BE UNRAVELLED OR CUT AS THE LEADER CHOOSES,



Of what particular feature in the present state of Europ



What charge would you bring account this dish in a Poice Court?



Why should you be very careful how you let this man off?



This naughty boy, (and he was very amplity), was stolen by eagles, and lacated with the family. In what way was he punished for his misaduct?



How do these rival Greek Philosophers illustrate the principle of what's sauce for the geose is sauce for the gauder?

Why ought this policeman to be lenient to offenders against Temperance?





Why is the sailor on the edge of the cliff in a perilous position?



What popular character does this mediaval personage resemble?



Why is this watermaker, who buys old-fashioned watches weight, like a greeng over P by Troy



Why might this giant be mistake to, his brother?



What sort of a queen would you call her if you met her?



If you wished to imitate this gentleman on the stage, why would you noose the present season of the year for doing it?

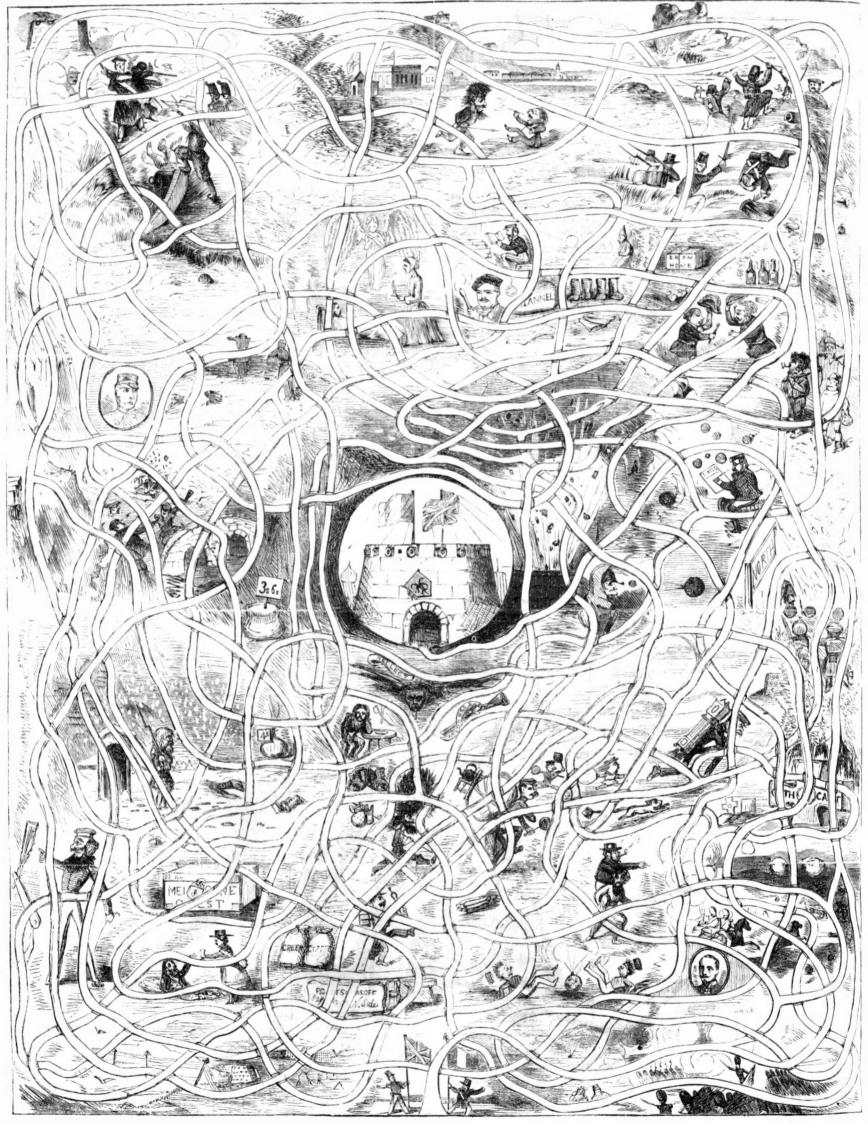
(The above momentous Questions will be satisfactorily eleared up in our next Number.)

A MIGHTY prince, lord of a million seris,
Conceive—himself a despot's gilled slave—
Accusioned over flow'r-bespangied turfs,
Blue hibs, and rocks that in the ocean lave,
For leagues around his stronghold's towers to gaze;
Nor note a living thing but bends in awe
To his dread mandate;—in the distant haze
He sees an armed host come to defy
His master's law: as feels the eagle when
A flock of daws darken the distant sky,
Wending towards his solitary den,
Scarce angry—save that he must stoop to fly
At an ignoble foe—he ca is his men
To sweep into MY MERST the noxious enemy.

CHARADE FOR A RECENT ANNIVERSARY.

As to a course, or gladiatorial show,
The ladies of his savege court he leads,
To watch the sport upon the plains below.
Of mowing down the idestar'd human weeds
That on his grounds have stray'd—a task too light
For serious recking—'tis but flogging bounds!
Nay—brushing gnats at best!—a merry sight
'Twill be—no more!—Hark! now the cannon sounds!
The pigmy trespassers have dared to meet
The countless giants, their opposers. Lo!
They clash—they grapple—so! what! not yet beat?
On, inch by inch, they come—confusion! woe!
The day is theirs! The heroes wild retreat;
Of Britons and of Franks MY SECOND now they know.

A noble day! a day of promise fair!
A day of dawn for Freedom's glorious sun!
Whose rays of triumph with effulgent glare
Shall daze the world before the year is done!
A day to rank with that of Runnymede,
With that of Naseby, or of Ivry fought,
With that of peaceful victory when freed
We saw our commerce, and the loaf was bought;
With Cromwell's birthday, and with Hampden's death,
When the Third William touch'd the British shore,
When Spartan Washington threw by the sheath—
With these, and dates I may not number o'er,
That mark the heavings of great Freedom's breath,
Shrin'd in my whole, this day shall rank for evermore.



THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL .- (AN ENTIRELY ORIGINAL CHEISTMAS GAME.)

THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.

THE above maze is to be regarded in the light of a mosaic pavement, inlaid with designs representing the principal incidents in the Crimean campaign, eading up to the capture of Sebastopol. The entrance is at the foot, and the roads go under and over the bridges thus:



THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.

The above maze is to be regarded in the light of a mosaic pavement, inlaid with designs representing the principal incidents in the Crimean campaign, eading up to the capture of Schastopol. The entrance is at the foot, and the roads go under and over the bridges thus:

The reader, on finding his way to the centre, will discover that he has

The reader, on finding his way to the centre, will discover that he has

one thing (in confidence) which may materially shorten his labours. If the Allied troops, and their directors, had taken the same course as he will have to pursue, to obtain possession of Sebastopol, there would have been no occasion for the eampaign of last winter.

[A complete explanation will be given in the next number.]

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